

THE
L I F E
O F A
S A T Y R I C A L
P V P P Y,

Called

N I M.

WHO

W O R R I E T H A L L T H O S E

S A T Y R I S T S

H E K N O W E S , A N D

B A R K E S

AT T H E R E S T .

K By T. M. (Tho: May?)

L O N D O N ,

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Church-yard. 1657.



TONY'S

Y. P. W.

卷之三

W. E. T.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
and most eminent
GEORGE
Duke of
BUCKINGHAM, &c.

Great Sir,

Expectation flattering my hopes,
shortned the way from London
hither: but now the Servants
slow aspects, & reserv'd behaviour,
mights care young modesty, from ventu-
ring to approach. Yet I excuse the small
address, they suffer to your noble per-
son, by saying, they know the worth of
it: therefore make it not cheap to every
Eie. And in supposing all Strangers
to be Suitors, they proclaim your abode
the very Seat, where all Justice doth
inhabit. Here I arrive empty of mer-
cenary Thoughts; for Duty hath pre-

ferred me to such a strange ambition,
that I do even give unto your gracious
M^r Sir W^m and W^m his man, both
born to attend your Lordships mirth. It
was made, transcrib'd, and bound up
yours, nay I was so zealous in curiosi-
ty, that but this Copy (besides the Ori-
ginal) M^r W^m Had not known friends
(after perusal) urg'd me to this bold-
nesse, Nim had known humility, who
now disdains the inside of them
most and my own Grace at high, doest
happiness & whilst every least proves
by interpretation serious, though he
dominates none. If in the least kind he
degenerate from my chaste intents, bear
it with a form more displeasing than your
Anger, altho' present fate is, your
Grace would deign to read it, which
spoken confirm'd by promise, I shall re-
turn to London, and publish my suc-
cess. coisul H^m 1620
1620 to the
Your Graces humble Servant
signed y^r T. M.

BRITISH
MUSEUM
T. M.

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OF THE
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Brokers Shop. p. 113, 12.

FINIS.

CHAP. XVI.

CAT.



THE LIFE OF A
S A T Y R I C A L
PUPPY; Called
N I M :
WHO WORRIETH ALL
THOSE SATYRISTS HE
KNOWS, AND BARKS AT
THE REST.

CHAP. I.

NIM after his Proem to the Reader, discovers the place of his Birth; and why the relation of his childish proceedings, is omitted.

By divulging my defects, I present in some particular thine, to thy remembrance; it will not onely recompense my labour in Writing, but thine in Reading. I make the whole World my Confessor;

ſeſſor: preferring a publicke conmiferation, before a private ſtrifſ. What I have done, I have done: nor ſhalt thou behold my Peni- tence, untill thine Eyes arrive to the end of our History. If thou findeſt my faults capital, ſeeke out my excuse in thine own guilt; and then bluſh for us both. I entenſ to wrong no man but my ſelſe, as knowing where I may moſt preſume of pardon: therefore extract no dangerous ſenſe from any cooſe, ambiguous phrase. If thy approbation ceaſe on my aduice, may all the labour I ſpent to revive my griefs, beget mirth and thy future eaſe.

Fift, to prevent all inquifitive expeſtati- on concerning my Parentage, I will relate it to you. My Father was a Gentleman by birth, though Time hath ſtole away his Coate, and diſguiled him in neceſſitie. My Mother (ſubjeſt to the ſame fortune) may pleade the like in her defence: leſt detraction (advan- tag'd by laiſing hold on my behavior in the World) might wrong her Anceſtors. He was never ſtaſk'd to a certaine place of reſiſtence: but went on Pilgrimage fourteen yeareſ to viſit the Shrine of Saint Charitie; and laſt found it wintryng, (or at leaſt very cold) in Haubury, three Miles diſtant from London.

The ſat Miller there (a notable and thiefe) made him his Tenant: but he gul'd his own Conſcience with an extaſive Proverbe (ſatle-

re fallen *tem non est frans*) & him of five yeares
Rent, with running away. Leaving me (very
young) as pawn to the Parish for that, and
other borrowed Money, till *Fortune*, and his
honesty, could procure my redemption. But
as the *Miller* swore in a prophetique fury,
(that will never be) so it hath prov'd: nor
have I since so much as heard from him, or
can devise whither he went. Therefore in
revenge of such unnaturall dealing I will
quite exempt the memory of him from our
Story, and returne to the *Miller*: as I needs
must, since *Necessity* is my *Guide*, and hath left
me no where else to goe. His *Countenance*
(poore Man) lowers in a most preposterous
forme: for his Eies are *bearie*, which natu-
rally require the *light*. His plump Cheekes
(that were wont to be so immodest as to kisse
his shoulders) resemble now *Famine* painted
on a *clean* Trencher. His great *Belly* (that
barr'd him the sight of both his knees) is
growne invisible it selfe. All his discourse
tends to the description of my Fathers dex-
terity in running away, which he admires
with Curses.

There is a goodly Meddow joyning to his
House, encompassed with a River: whose
beauty in the *Summer*, did often invite my
wantonnesse, to sport with *May-Flies*, dabble
in the water, hunt my shaddow: all wh ch

expreſt how truly ſenſeles I was, that a *Com-
pell'd Charity* from divers men, maintain'd my
being. If the ſottish old Man mett me there,
he would even ſindge his *Beard* with a ſcorching
ſigh, and quench the *Liquid flame* againe
with *Teares*. Villaine (quoth he) Where is
my *Rent*? a *plague* upon your Fathers *dexterity*!
his *London* debts, that were due to him
on *Whitsunday* was Twelve-moneth! his
Christmas-tales! his *costly-invitations*; my *Wife*,
my two *Sonnes*, and my ſelſe to a butter'd
Parsnip, three poach't *Egges*, and a dride *Cu-
cumber*. Goe from my ſight, you *Baſtard*:
Mun you live ſo merry (with a pox) upon o-
ther Mens coſts? your *greasie chops* (thanks
to my ſinnes) doth coſt me for my ſhare, two
pence a weeke. None of this could my young
capacity apprehend; wherefore *Nature* did
not only make *ignorance* worthy his *envie*, but
a *defence* to me, and *offence* to him. It was not
long after when *Fortune* expreſt her ſmiles,
in delivering me from thence: for on a *Tues-
day* night, a *Gentleman* (hot and dry with
hard riding) lighted at the *Mill*, proffer'd mo-
ney for a *Cup of Beere*, and had it: I held his
his *Horſe*. The *Miller* (who greedily ex-
pected ſome occaſion, whereby he might
proclaime his formerloſſe, and present *Char-
ity*) accuses me of cheating Boyes at play,
how I had just my Fathers *tricks* even by *ſuc-
ceſſion*,

cession, at last blurts out all. The Gentleman, marking my sparkish behaviour, and with what an *innocent resolution* I stood in defence of my Father, earnestly enquires after my name, which was no sooner told him, but he tooke me by the hand, & called me *Kinsman*: for he himself was a *Gloucester-shire NIM*, but whether there were any *propinquitie* of blood between us, I could never yet learne. Well, he was a wealthy old *Batchelor*, and my *good genius* did so farre collogue with his, that without entreaty he promist to discharge the Parish of my *Person* within a weeke: his *action* pursued his *promise* too, as fast as a good Horse could bring it to me, and me to him. Under whose charge I lived, till I was one and Twenty yeares old: where, and in what manner I omit to discover, it being (indeed) nothing pertinent to that *grave stiffe*, where-with I intend to line my Book. For what passages can such green yeares afford, worthy thy knowledge or my description? none at all: yet some have that way (heretofore) caught the approbation of learned *Readers*, when in another *way*, they have quite *lost* themselves. So great a difference is there between the *Times* past and ours: for *Fancy* (whose *Weakenesse* then foild off the defects of a bad writer) is now turned to a second *Zoëlus*, and dulles the *edge* of her own *delight*, with

with absur'd Carping. So singularly excellent likewise is naturall instinct, admitting no second quality to passe approved under her expression. But howsoever each circumstance that my proceedings did beget after my *non-age* (impartiall of my future Fame, or the name of NIM) I will relate.

CHAP. II.

NIM Tells the Story of his Patron's Death, with other circumstances, worth reading.

THe World had not owned me full one and twenty years when my good Patron dyed; being old, & rich: but too well stored with Kinsmen; there were more NIMS besides my selfe. Wone Boby came post from Gloucester, & arriv'd at our House two dayes before the Funeralls were solemnized. A second squint-eyed-Fop of Teuxbarie, that could scarce perceive a Mountaine through a Prospective (Horst on his covetous desires) arriv'd there, the Funeral day: not to mourn (heaven knows) but upon a certaine Phisicall advertisement, that Gold is soveraigne for the Eie-sight. My fortune proved worth a Hundred Pounds, which the good man left me by Will: in recompence of which, & all former courtesies, I am

am pleased to extract him a second life, from the true relation of the manner of his Death.

He lay sick of a burning Fever a long time, his death being deferred more for the *Physitians* gaine, then his *case*, or probability of ever recovering: A necessary knavery in them, and *Lawyers*, to make men give money for paine and trouble. Five howres before his departure hence, he bad me write his *will*. The disposing a thing of such consequence to the weake managing of our decayed senses, and last minutes, exprest in him that *counterfit* hope of longer life, which covetous men force from dead Hearts, and fix to oppose sense; most apparent in contradiction.

His sick *groans* accompanying his words, argued (me-thought) with what an ill will he parted from those *gifts*, and how sorry he was, he could not make his soul *Executor*. A great minde he had to erect an *Almes-house* for decayed *Souldiers*: but a poore benefic'd *Parson* (who stood by) smothers in his owne particular want, the knowledg of that superfluous height which generally his *Tribe* live in, and strives by the force of zealous phrase, to make himself *disposer* of anothers *Charity*: pleading how much the building of a *Colledge*, with allowance for Twenty *Fellowes*, would encrease *Learning*, and memorize the noble *Giver*. The *Physitian* (who till now sat silent on the Bed) speakes in approbation of

the

the sick mans former intent, and maintaines with *lusty* Argument, how necessary it is, poore *Souldiers* that lose their *Limbs* abroad, in defence of their *Country* (returning not rich enough to bty *Woodden ones*) should be relieved, lest *necessity* arming them with an excuse; they conspire with forraigne Enemies to besiege *Ingratitude* at home. The Parson being cross'd, fell from *modest* discourse, to *impious* rayling, and mixing *serious* *absurdities*, with a *leaden* *witt* he bandies *Jests*: amongst the rest this one was noted, because he laught at it him selfe. Sir, (quoth he) be-like *Souldiers* want *Purses* for you to *purge*, & the Devill hath possest you with an *imaginary* inconvenience that follows good deeds. You are grown wearie too of ministring *Physick* to poore Men *gratis*, your *Charity* is cold, and lacks a *wrought* *velued* *Gowne* to warme it: or your *Worship* would ride a *Cock-horse*, and change *Foot-clothes* every Spring. No (replied the *Physitian*) *Custome* and *rugged War* is in the *Souldier* an *Antidote* that prevents the very effects of sicknesse: nor *Cannon*, nor *Sword* makes any worke for us: therefore if any man (in that kinde) be guilty of *Covetousnesse*, it is the *Chirurgion*, to whom addres your accusation. Yet I most admire how you can apply *Pride* to us, for being a thing that becomes no man we seldome weare

weare it : but (contrary to the Proverb) it becomes you worst, *though it be now in fashion with you*. Your chief Men, that should be fixt in a *Civill posture*, thereby to nourish comely *imitation*, have cast off ancient decency , and charme the eyes *weake censure* to an affectation of the *Italian habit*. Their *state* is more reserved then a *Princes*, or an old *French Courtiers*, who in his proudest *distance*, feares his worth too much undervalued. A fortunate *Petitioner* may (haply) with much obsequious phrase, recover from some under-*chaplain* an Emperious *Nod*, and dance attendance but halfe an hourre longer, *according to the last addition*. This made the *Person* stronger in defiance : for all the company tooke his part, and inforc'd the *Doctor* to confess it malicious detraction, which presently he did.

But now returne we to my sick *Patron*, who hearing his charitable motion begot such strife, concludes *negatively* both waies : and presently after, lost the use of both his Eyes, denoting it with a piercing shreek, whilst we that were in the Chamber (amaz'd at so sudden an alteration) tire the Collerick *Physitian*, with absur'd questions. The *blinde* man can see no more hope now of longer life in this world , no though the *Doctor* durst once more be so impious to make him *spectacles*

cles of covetous stattery, therefore he growes
 holy, prayes, and talkes of Heaven, which
 the Parson having by divine mercy fully as-
 sum'd him, he suddenly likewise lost his speech:
 some applying it to the Heavenly comfort he
 received, as it silence exprest it, to be above
 expression. Others, that (according to the Ba-
 tavian Philosophy) hold the Soul dividuall in
 her selfe, and each member particularly to
 enjoy same particular part of her, would needs
 peraduaine the Tongue dyed then, that the
 Soule of it might goe before to bespeak room
 for her fellowes. It was not long after when
 all his Limbes disclaimed motion, and he life:
 his estate unsunniht with an Executor, by
 reason the time which he reserved to deter-
 mine of one was too short, but the Glaston
 Man (being his Nephew) disinherited the o-
 ther, whose hopes were strengthened by a
 promise the old Man made five yeares before
 his death; not by any home alliance, for he
 was no more then his Cosen thrice remoov'd.
 They which followed the Coffin to buriall,
 went wetshod in those affectionate Teares,
 whichflowed so abundantly from the young
 Hoires Eyes. I never thinke on it, or on De-
 caying Lovers, but I call Nature an Enemy to
 Love: who suffers it never to be exprest with
 apparent demonstration; but when it is exprest,
 unnecessary or buntfull. I did a moneth after his
 decease

decease (whilst his memory was young, lusty,
& able to overcome detraction with disproofe)
publish him to the World in an impartiall
Character, but 'tis requisite I barr thee the
sight of it, because (being lost) I cannot shew
it: yet if a desire to encrease in knowledge,
cause thee to think thy selfe wrong'd, be re-
compenc'd in reading this *Dialogue* between
Death and me.

N I M.

*Death, what crochett came into thy minde,
To strike my honest Patron blind
Ere 'twas with him perpetuall Night?
Come tell me, didst not thou suppose
His Soul the way to Heaven would lose,
By being thus depriv'd of sight?*

D E A T H.

*No, Nim, I brought it so to passe,
Because that he a Coward was
And had a very little Heart.
Therefore (to finde it) did devise
A way to pluck forth both his Eyes,
And sticke them fast on this my Dart.*

N I M.

*Death, now thou dost him double wrong,
For when St Albons Bells were wrung
By great Devills in the Steeple,*

He

He Valianly climes up the Stayrs,
Arm'd only with a Dozen Prayers,
which were heard by all the People.

DEATH.

Why true, but doſt not thou know Man
The Tongue is Weapon to a Woman,
And ſharper far then two-edg'd Swords
which maketh in all conſequence
His Heart not ſtrong, but his Defence,
If they Speake blowes that fight with
(Words.

NIM.

Goe, base Detractor, doe not ſtrive
To kill his Fame, keepe that alive
The reaſon why he prayed there,
Was that (being darke) the Devill
Might know him from an Infidell
And not for Pidgeon-Liverd-Fearre.

DEATH.

This ſtyle of base will (thou ſhalt ſee)
Call back my purpoſ'd Lenitie
And be reveng'd on Brittanie
when e're long thy dead Muse muſt come
(Wasted on Teares) to Elysium,
Where there is Sack, yet none for thee.

NIM.

*I, my Muse, and Country, care not a Fart,
For thee, thy envy, or thy fatall Dart :*

*Nor thinke I any there Canary have
At least my Patron thought it not so, for he
Tooke his departure hence so heavily*

*That eight could hardly lift him to his
(Grave.*

Thou shalt never so much admire my *Cou-*
rage, as in this my conference with *Death*; for
though he frights other Mens *Soules* from
their *Bodies*, yet canst thou pick from these
Verses no defect that doth expresse more
then a very little feare; they went rather a
timorous pace then *smoothly* from my Tongue:
which I discover to nourish thy *Detraktion* not
my *glory*.

C H A P. III.

NIM reports the conditions of his Patrons
Heire; with the reason, and manner
of his departure from him.

A Passionate, Man is a learned Beast; being
Amoov'd, nor Man nor Beast: for he wants
the sence of the one, and in some kinde the
unsensibilitie of the other. He takes the *quicke-*
cure for his *disease* of any; for the next way
to end his life, is his only *Physick*. I cannot in
modesty

modesty avouch that my Patrons Heire did counterfeit his *Passion*, for to perswaine the disease is their care because it is their *Death*, & no man can counterfeit *Death* unlesse he will be buried alive. Besides to root in us a contrary opinion of him, we will only remember how his *Uncle* maintained him Ten yeares under his own Roofe, which *fatherly Charity* (proclaim'd *constant* likewise by *Time*, who is best able to judge of *constancy*) could not but beget a *superstitious love*, which still labours to requite with *prodigall-Gratitude*, yet is never weary nor spent.

When he was returned from the *Funerall*, and by the consent of the whole Country had taken possession of all, he gave charge his *Uncles Wardrobe* should be *chested* up, and kept as *Reliques*; only his *Gloves*, *Points*, and *Garters* he bestowed upon the *Overseers*, and others whom his choyce *pickt* out, best to deserve their worth: conjuring each Man (for the deceased parties sake) never to part from them, whilst they (who before blest him in his *Uncles name*, stil mentioning the affinity of old *Acquaintance*, in expectation of *Rings*) now curse his thrifty *Superstition*, divulging abroad how well his liberalitie hath requited their pains: though I blamed those poore gifts from him, as nothing but an old simplicity of *Love* that values things according to a selfe estimation.

sion. A strange dejected humour posset him
 three Months, his actions were quite void of
 formality, his *domestick affaires* by himselfe
 neglected, & managed by men more officious
 then honest. Being advised by his friends to
 settle his Estate, he made answer he could not
 live long, therefore would busie his Soule on-
 ly with *heavenly* meditations. How (quoth I)
 God forbid your Worship should disparage
 the successe of your new *Fortunes* with such
 fond surmises. *Nature* in you is so lusty, that
 it almost breakes the *Bonds* of *Continence*: full
 of presuming strength, challenging all sickly
 operations to a *defiance*, our youthfull blood,
 hardly to be tam'd with those examples w^{ch}
experience doth demonstrate. I confess (re-
 phied he) my immediate *Heir* cannot warrant
 his hopes either in my *yeares* or *complexion*,
 but I have a divining spirit which prompts
 me to superstitious observations, and breeds
 a confirmation stronger then thy opinion can
 remove. I answer'd, when our pensive thoughts
 doe still accompany our hearts, they are (like
 our *voyses* accompanying our *Maidensbeads*)
 both lost together. His melancholy dull hu-
 mour could apprehend nothing, but the next
 morning sent post to *London* for a *Stone-cutter*,
 who being come, was entertained as if he
 had feasted his *content*. They allotted the
 morning to consult of businesses, wherein my
 advice

advice was equally accepted with the best, although the Worke-mans gaine furnisht them with fashions of more curious invention, *handsome*, in being costly; at last it was concluded, two hundred pound should be bestowed upon a Marble *Tombe* to cover my *Patron*: the fashion of it 'tis impossible to relate, for patience would tyre her selfe in the description, being compos'd of nought but *quirks*, and various *whim-whams*.

Alteration appeares never more deformed, then when it appeares in *Tombs*, or *Churches*, where *Antiquity* shewes most reverend, most *sacred* and begets *Ceremonie*; *Ceremony*, *Superstition*: but who hath more cause to accept of our blame, then such as will not limit their expence, according to that *compudent* *Thrift*, exprest in ancient *Monuments*, but strive with a *zealous* *prodigality* to exceede all the *waies*, *modest* *Art* can invent to consume their Money. The *Stone-cutter* (like *Time*) went *swiftly* away from us, but *never* came back againe: for our *Heires* minde did change, differing the worke till the next Spring. He whose costly experience had too well acquainted him with such inconstant humors, laboured to prevent what he suspected by a sudden dispatch: but the message was delivered, before the stuff that should have bin sent to us was packt up: and gladly did the

Stone-

Stone-Cutter take a small satisfaction for what he had begun, as confident it would never be effected. *Premeditation* in this kind (quoth he) prevents *Action*. Charitable deeds should be bestow'd e're we can have leisure to examine why ? Or on whom they are bestowed : Our *Natures*: being prone to censure fair *Desert*, with *fool Detraction*, and esteem that which is not altogether *necessary*, *superfluous* : telling us likewise we should not commit *Evil* that *Good* may come of it ; but *Toombs* consume the money of the *Living*, to preserve the *Fame* of the *Dead*. Therefore he that wil have a *House* for his *Memory* to dwel in, must build it himself, lest being *unhous'd*, it die for cold, and we starve for want of *Custom*.

This sudden change in our *Heirs* mind, did prognosticate a generall alteration, though his affairs were constant to the disposure of his *Passion* three Months : a time long enough to contradict the *Proverb* which saith, *Violent things, are never permanent*. He that did eat rather to satisfie those hungry *Worms*, that will batten by his *Death*, than *Nature* that maintains *Life* : whose *Soul* was in his *Mouth*, even ready to depart with the next *Sigh*, now makes a *Physition* his *Steward*, feeds by *prescription*, is more punctual to abstain from *Meat*, that is out of *season*, then a sick

Epicure: and hopes he shall live till Time, may throw a Dart at Death. After his estate was settled, he took order to discharge the House of poor me: being mov'd to *antipathize* from his Uncle in so uncharitable a deed by my *presuming* insolence, that appear'd most commonly when I was drunk. Once my Tongue *reeld* so much, to say I had more interest in the House then he, which was too soon disprov'd by his thrusting me out of it. On that Morning prefixt for my departure, he brought into my Chamber the Hundred Pounds, left me by his Uncle, which being delivered me in a *legall* manner, he commendes to my own *Vain-glorious* approbation, my *Ingenious* Countenance, *Comly* Person, and naturall wit: withall, told me my Scholler-ship exprest both *costly* breeding, and *great* Industry; therefore I was strong enough to effect my own *Fortunes*: with a great deal of good Countell, which I valew'd, as coming from one whose *Experience* seem'd younger then himself. There were few Tears shed between us at parting; neither did he bestow any thing on me more then what *Custom* holds necessary to maintain *Complement*, (a Cup of Beer) or *Complement* necessary to maintain *Friendship*: A promise of welcome when I shal call upon him riding that way. Well, horst I was, and well stor'd with money, having besides

besides my *Portion*, the worth of fourscore Pounds in *Jewels*, which my wicked providence (advantag'd by the Old Mans sickness) pocketted up, to withstand all *unfortunate* assaults. Thus the way enforcing my Steed and I, to take an *unmannerly* farewell (by making our *Arses* his opposite *Object*) we rod towards *London*.

CHAP. IV.

NIM, riding towards London, is overtaken by a Citizen, who tells him a merry Story; besides, their discourses, together with the fashion of their Host in Mayden-head, is in this Chapter most punctually related.

IT was a fair Morning, the way fairer, which
pleas'd both me , and my Horse. All my
Care I cast into that Pocket which contain'd
my Money, as the *naturallest* Companion for
it. My *Thoughts* seem'd to me heavier then my
self, but not to my Horse , because I felt their
burdens he mine. My conceit wander'd like a
Northern-Shepheards Tongue , when (half
drown'd in a Wessail Bowl) he tells the Sto-

ry of a Lad that went to seek his Fortunes. Three hours before I came to *Mayden-Head*, I was overtaken by a *London Citizen*, who rode like an *Admirer* of the skill of *Horsmanship*: or as if he were hearing a Story of one that kill'd himself by falling from his *Saddle*; with such a *Complementall-fear* did he *embrace* the Horses Neck: committing the protection of all his Limmes to several supporters, but his *Leggs* wholly to his *Stirrops*. Well overtaken, *Friend* (quoth he); good *High-way Rhetorique*! produc'd to maintain *Custom*, but chiefly to expresse him self not bred, though born a *Cockney*; or not his *Child*, that being to journey forth in *Rainy* weather, told his *Wife* he had a trick to prevent all *Clowdy* inconvenience, by riding under the *Pent-houſes*, even from *London* to *Cambridge*. Some men doat so much upon their *expression*, that, though want of reading bar them a tale pertinent to the *Matter*, *Time*, and *Place*; yet will they *piece* discourse with an old story: The remembrance of which his *Grand-father* recover'd by the *Art* of *Memory*; but he assures it (by some handsom oath) to be lately done; laying his *Scree* afar off, lest he should betray himself, to an eminent disproof. Just such a one encounter'd with my conversation: who fed my *Ears* with relating, what I have here set down.

Two Kentish Gentlemen , Friends , and worthy of Fortunes envy , were both their ruines of her Conquest ; exprest in their ex-
tream impoverishment : which forc'd Inven-
tion to beget dishonest shifts : So much doth
Equivocating Necessity ride in her Actions :
basely preventing base living : amongst the rest ,
this one arrives to our knowledge .

A certain rich Creditor of theirs rode into
Oxford-shire , about a Purchase he had lately
bought : These Gallants (hearing of it) plot-
ted how to enrich themselves by his return ;
at last agreed , that six of their Companions ,
should let upon him on the high-way ; dissem-
bling as if they intended not only to rob him
of his Money , but also of his life : Whilst
they two (appearing to ride that way by
chance) fight stoutly in his defence , and ob-
tain the Victory , by putting the rest to flight ;
not doubting , but this being carried too
close for his discovery , might move him re-
ally to consider their counterfeit kindnesse , in
a large requitall . He had no Kinsman on
whom his love could bestow the keeping of
his Purse-strings to a peculiar profit ; which
strengthned their hopes . Having by a dili-
gent enquirie got to know the time of his re-
turn , they all attended him under a Hill ;
three Miles distant from Town or Village .
One of the Six serv'd as Scout , to prevent in-

pediments, both by discovering his coming, and the passing by of others. But the Coast was clear, and the *Sun* almost set, when they behel'd their *Creditor*, walking down a Hill; singing of *Psalmes*, attended on only by wone *Man*, who seem'd furnish'd with two defensive Weapons; an old rusty *Sword*, and a liberall *Hand*: not to strike, but to give away his *Purse*, which was his politique device, to prevent robbing. Well, if he had valour in him, (he was afraid to shew it: besides it dwelt at least a furlong from his face; for the cowardly form of that could not but encourage an *Enemy*.) The *Six* presently (upon a watch-word) assault them from behind a Hedge. *Stand, deliver your Purse*? are words of no force here: the *Master* being old, weak, and unable to support his fear, fell down to complement with their mercy. The *Servant* (being lightned by flinging them his *Purse*) ran away: but they (lest he should have rais'd a hue-on-cry) brought him back again fast-bound. Now pleads the old *Man* for his life; his *Prodigall* fear offering *Emperors* ransomes: whilst they seem to abandon all remorse, crying *blood, blood!* the *Villain* will reveal us, the *Villain* will reveal us. He swears by all oaths extant in his memory, he never will. But by this time his two *Champions* fallied forth, saying, what noise is that?

keep

keep the Kings peace ho ! and calling him by his name, they cheere him up with comfortable words, and counterfeit blows, which were received by the supposed Thieves, with as little hurt as *Cowards* could wish for. The old Man (doubtfull of the sucesse) considering such an advantage on the adverse parties side; swore those Six Gentlemen, to be his *honest* Friends, and what they did, was but in jeast : thinking if the other two were overcome, this would save his life. But it was their Qu' now to fly, as yanquish'd by two opposers, which they did with exquisite dissimulation ; carrying along with them Fifteen Pounds. Our two Gallants are yet to receive the Fruit of their labours: The old Man having nought about him now to bestow upon them, but thanks, which they seem'd to receive in ample satisfaction; He earnestly enquires after his Man, whom they all smelt out presently, by reason of an *immodest* expression of Fear: offensive to their Noses, and his own Breeches. It prov'd somthing troublesome to unbind him, for every man imploy'd one of his Hands to stop his Nostrills withall. At last (with much adoe) they all became Horsemen again, and rode a pace towards the next Town: he being very desirous to send *hu-on-cry* after them for his Money, but by the force of premeditated reasons,

fons he was perswaded to the contrary. They had scarce enter'd their *Inne*, but he relates unto a publique Auditory what hap-
 ned unto him , still interposing between his
 own danger , the Valour and kindness of
 those two Gentlemen, his *Debtors*. But they
 strengthen their well composed plot with re-
 porting that he most valiantly behav'd him-
 self before they could come to his rescue,
Flanerie (that old sin) agrees best with *Age* ,
 where *Folly* is grown out of her own know-
 ledge, and oft mistakes her self for *Wisdom* ;
 the implication of the word, being lost, when
 apply'd to Men of full desert. It is a *poor*
 beggerly vice, yet still accompanies the rich.
 It is a *Thief* that steals away the *Heart*
 through the *Ear*, and for that *thief* hangs on it
 like a *Jewel* ever after. It works the *Soul* from
 a *complacent* giving to a *doating* prodigality ;
 and hath caught this man too: who though
 his knowledge *blusht* in what it knew , and
 gave the *Lie* to his own forc'd belief; yet did
 he hugg a second *Youth* within him , and
 talkt of what he could do, setting aside great
 advantage: *non Hercules contra duos*. The next
 Morning they rode to his *Houſe*; where
thanks, and *welcome* did no more appear *shap't*
 in words, but in little Baggs of Money, which
 were delivered with a courtlike entreaty of
 acceptance: he striving to prove, there was no
 dis-

disparagement in the receipt of them. Their old Bonds likewise he freely restor'd saying, Since *Fortune* (who is *blind* to all mens deserts) could not see theirs , he was glad this occasion had given *Eies* to his *Duty*, that can direct him on whom he may still bestow , yet never impoverish himself. They had what they desir'd, and therefore pretended businesse which must needs occasion their departure from him. His humour is still constant to *extremitie* in kindnessse , and staies them to *Dinner*, where there was good *Cheer* and *Mirth*. But by and by one knocks at the *Gate*, whose entrance being licenc'd, he ask'd for the *Master* of the *House*; the *Servants* perceiv'd him to be drunk , therefore deny'd at first their *Master* was at home : Well , anon the old *Man* rises from *Dinner* to know his businesse. After a little complement between them, this drunken Gentleman discovers himself to be one of those Six men that robb'd him , and beggs his pardon for it, which being granted, he reveals likewise the whole drift of those two *Champions* , who are now his *Guests*. *Owles* (as they were) to trust a secret in a *Drunkards* *Breast* , whose love to the *taff* of *Wine*, seats his *Heart* upon his *Palat*, which being so near his *Tongue* , he cannot chuse but speak his *Thoughts*. He (poor man) was struck with a *fretfull* admiration; yet thought it

it not a fit time to lowre now, being divers of his Friends were there at Dinner with them, who (unlesle they could, digest his Looks) would stomach his Meat in a displeasing Sense: therefore contriv'd a way to end all with merriment. Six of his Servants he commanded to robb the two Gentlemen in his Parlour, of what he had bestow'd upon them, counterfeiting likewise an intent to kil them: whilst he, and his *Shit-breech* Man, should come in (as it were by chance) and save their Lives. This was acted to the life, whilst my two Gallants, (being poopt of what they enjoy'd meerly to feel misery in the losse) departed the House, only furnish't with his pardon.

Such Tales as these banisht tedious Time, and pensive consideration, till wee arriv'd at *Mayden-head*, Twenty two Miles distant from London: where was an *Inne* prefer'd to my acceptance by my *Citizens* commendations, who knew the Servants Names, as well as if he had binne their *Godfather*, though the Howse never ownde his company but one Night: men of his Coate desiring much acquaintance, because they will lose by none. The money which I had about me, I conveyd under my Bed, and so to supper wee went. The Howse was full of Guests, which made our Host *limit* his Person, to a quarter of an Hours

Houers tariance with each company. Every Room did, but borrow him of one another, which shews (though no Mans Particular command had interest in his service, yet he had least interest in himself. His Wife supplyd his absence to all Companyes, for he could doe nothing else but talke to them, and her Tongue was heard every where. She it is, whose Beauty clips the Wings of a Travailers swift desire, and begets the ease of his plodding Beast, for her Howse appears his Journeys end; but her Company multiplieth the Reckoning above the reach of Antimetrique. The Citizen had the discourse at Table, which consisted (for the most part) of the antiquitie of his Company : he being a woollen Draper. Sometimes he describ'd the humors of a deceased Round-Cap, his quondam Parishioner, which were all absurd, and nothing witty: yet he laught at them heartily, and I at him. All his owne proceedings (in Eight yeares Prentiship) he related to me. How long he bore the water-Tankard, scrapt Trenchers, and made cleane Shooes & discovering a selfe-admiration, that such mean Offices could bring him to the height which now he lives at. Next he reported how many Servants he keeps; upon what conditions he hath bought the lease of his Howse: how long his father, and himselfe have liv'd in that Parish

Parishi, and what Offices they have under-gonne, with divers other things impertinent to any Mans knowledge: not omitting to reveale (in a grave manner) how unworthy he was to be Constable, or *Church-Warden*, would willingly have fined for it, but the Parish (forsooth) did more need his Advice, then Money. After Supper he express't his libertie (in being from home) with a *distraited Mirth*, as if he were suddenly to recover so much of his Heart blood, as he hath sigh'd away, when pennd within the City Walls, It is a certame obseruation; They are the *czilest as home*, and rudeſt being abroad.

But now my Host and his Wife came both up to stay and tanke with us. Surely he was the very *Mayden head* of his Mother, begot, his father being *asleep*, or but Practicioner in that art, as apeard by the *workmanship* of his face and Body, so *ill-favour'd* and *deform'd* was he: Her shape proclaimed *Nature prodigal* of her riches, and *vain-glorious* of her *cunning*, so generally *handsom* was she; yet feem'd to doate upon his feature, 'tis wondrouſ strange, but Love is blind: which made my Muse (though dull'd with a grosse Sup-
percysing thus; *Let none hereafter dare to blame
The Gods, for making Cupid blind,*

Leſſ

Left his offence be plagu'd with shame,
 And all Mens hate, besiege his minde :
 For by this Coouple wee doe plainly proove,
 That without blindnesse, there could be no love.

Short and sweet, quoth my Poeticall Cittisen, who beg'd them to shew his Wives Brother: a Councillors Clerke, but an excellent Poet beleeve it. Our Hostesse fell fast asleepe, as she sat by the fire side: her Husband wak'd her with saying; she was always sleeping, or talking. This stird up a strange frivilous question: Why a Woman is more drowsie, and talkative then a Man? I made answere thus, Because she was made of Adam's flesh when he was asleepe; secondly she was made of his Rib, the Rib lies neere to the Heart, the Heart is Mayster of Thoughts, and thoughts beget words. This lik'd the Cittisen so well, that he desir'd to be farder acquainted with me, as afterwards he was; though to his cost; in what kind, thou shalt understand ere long: but now wee both went to Bed.

CHAP. V:

NIM perseveres in relating what befell
him in the Inne, rides from thence to Lon-
don, acquaints you with a Feast, worth the
laughing at; treats of the Citty-
Cries, and promiseth graver
stuffe hereafter.

Morpheus destroy these vigilant Cariers,
these unquiet disturbers of rest, that
bawling (like *Demy Cannons*) rent the Por-
ches of my Eares. Were my Eiellids cut off, I
could not be wider awake then I am now,
though it be just three a Clock: the purblind
Night newly turn'd a *Bawd* to Letchery; the
time when *Spirits*, *Ghosts*, and *Fayries* visit
Toombs and *Church-yards*, whose unsubstanti-
all shapes steals away our motion, scare
our Reason from us. Yet durst I goe rownd
about the World, unarm'd, with *Bedes*, or
blest with *Crucifix*: weare my Soul within
my Scabbard, my Life ti'd to my Heel, as
carelesse of successe: with such an *angry val-
lor*, was I inspir'd at that time, because de-
priv'd of sleepe. But by and by, the *modest*
Morne blusht in the East: and the *Sunne* (to
recompence those *Teares* shed by *weeping*
Plants)

Plants) shew'd forth his Head : gilding the tops of lofty Trees, plac'd there by *unequall* Nature, to intercept that Comfort, which Shrubs lose by their *low-humilitie*. The elevated Larke leavs his dewy Bed to welcome him, and drops downe tir'd, by striving to clime higher, then his Voyce. I bad farewell to sleepe, and call'd up the *Chamberlaine*, who brought me word the Cittizen (being very sick) desir'd my company. To his Chamber I went, found him groaning in the Bed, encocompact with Tokens of his Wives carefull Love; three *Night-Caps*, two *Watte-Coates*, a large *Tiffany* to keepe his Neck warme, two payre of *Italian-Drawers*, and a little *Downe-Cusheon*: which being thrust into his Codpisse, makes his Breech (forsooth) unsensible of a hard *Saddle*, or a *trotting Horse*. His sighs kindled pitty in the Hostesse, whose *Experience* was his *Physitian*, and brought him a *Poffet*, cleerd with the juice of sundry Hearbs, which procurr'd him his health suddenly. So our *Reckoning* being pay'd we rod a modest pace towards *Branford*, from thence to *London*: where (after he had directed me to a handsome Lodging, and the place of his owne aboard) wee parted.

I had no friends in the City but my Gold, which I esteem'd so much, that I made it Bed-fellow to my Thoughts. Yet there
was

was a Merchant who hath sworne heretofore
he lov'd me, but how? as Wise men love Mo-
ney; for the use of it. Whilst my Patron
liv'd, I could have done him a courtesie but
now the case was alter'd, and therefore his
friendship *dead*. Neither did the place ever
harbor any acquaintance of mine, besides
him, but only one Man (a Cambridge Scholler)
whom envious Death tooke from me at Tu-
burne; he was brought to that fatall end by a
Cart, though indeed the main occasion was
his unfortunate Lust. Let not the *Reader*, ac-
cuse me of tedious digression from our mat-
ter, if I relate the manner of it.

His violent Love seasd upon the Beauty of
an *Inkeepers* Daughter, who was thirty yeares
old, and a Mayde: her Chastitie being
staru'd for want of naturall consideration: and
her Fort vanquisht, by an *unboned Member* (the
Tongue) for that, that is it, which charmes
a Womans credulous minde to beleieve,
what she dares not *feeble*, and *feeble* because
tis more delightfull then to *believe*: let it
luffice, the Scholler often knew her in the *He-
brew* phrase. One Night amongst the rest,
she (being enflam'd with a covetous love,
furtrly to owne his Person, and estate as a
Wife) contriv'd a way how her father, and
Mother might (as it by chance) come into
the Chamber, and finde them in the midst of
immodest

immortal action, so afterwards enforce him to marry her. She could not carry the plot so close, but he perceav'd, her knocking with Bedstaffe, was Porter to their entrance. From out the Bed he leaps (untam'd with his amorous combat) fastens on his good Sword, which bravely he advances in defiance. Her devised Spirits being sent abroad, severally to withstand *Pearre*, and *Shame*, she creeps betweene the Sheets, and winks: a true Coward! whose senselesse imagination committs the protection of his whole Body to his Eie-lids, and bullwarks it with closing them, as though he can feele nothing but what he sees. The Mother (running forth to cry for helpe) is intercepted, by intercepting the Doore. The father strives with a loynt stroake to beate him thence, which he by meere strength tooke from him, but with looing the forepart of his Shirt, the losse of which got under his subjection the old Woman's who blushing to behold his manhood, ranne (as frighted) behind the Bed, whilst he immodestly (though for modestys sake) turn'd his Breech towards them, and fought backward. The scuffle grew now hot, and lowdes therefore he (fearing it might wake the Servants) swore if he once more turn'd his face, he would kill them all, which made them quietter. His Doublet, and Stockings being neefelt

necest his reash were put on ; in two How-
 ers space, not sooner ; because his right Hand
 was wholly employ'd to manage his Sword ;
 least the farther (advantaged by any thing)
 might recover the Doore. The Mother came
 backwards to deliver him his Breeches, and
 so by chance stumbled over a Stoole ; her Huf-
 bands Eyes look'd red as fire, some thought
 with anger, but sure I think they blusht to
 behold that, which made him put out the
 Candle. The darke bred feare in all, but
 especially in my Lad Scholler, who hear-
 ing the Servants rayl'd by the Womans cry,
 and not able to find his Breeches, ranne
 downe the Staires without them ; then climes
 over the back Gate into a narrow Lane,
 where after he had awhile accompany'd the
 Northerne Winde, a Drunkard (passing that
 way) reel'd full upon him, and falling fell
 fast asleepe upon the Ground, whilst he de-
 priv'd him of his Breeches : but by reason of
 too much fayfull haste, and want of light,
 were them, as he pul'd them off, with the
 Lininggs outward. O Wine ! good for none
 but the fiery Zwitzer, who loves to have his
 face, richer then his Purse ; thou that ridest
 in operation, and makes this Drunkard happy
 by depriv'g him of sense, for though his
 bare Breech kiss'd the cold stones, he slept
 soundly : whilst our Scholler (walking though

through the neighbour Street) is taken by a Watch. The parlous Constable (spying how unhansom he was deest) suspected him guilty of some bawdy businesse, and laughing sufficiently at him, sent him to the Counter. But one Corrow treads upon the Heel of another (so swift are they in pursuit, when once running to us) the way to the Counter is through that Lane where the Drunkard was, who by this time had recovered his senses, and walk'd shivering up and down, in search of his Breeches. The Watch-men spying his white Shirt) stood still, supposing him to be a Ghost. The Scholler perceiv'd his theft would be discover'd; yet was loath to run away, because loath to be taken by another Watch; he lik'd this so ill, One of his Guardians (being fortify'd with an old charm) marches crosse-legg'd, spitting three times East-South-West: and afterwards prefers his vallor to a Catechising office. In the name of God (quoth he) what art thou? whence dost thou come? what makest thou here? he answered, he was not himself half an Hour ago, but now he is a Man as others are; of Gods making; only some Villain had stolen away his Breeches. My acquaintance was found to be that Villain; his Buttock's once more disrob'd, his secret parts too apparantly discover'd: And in that

manner both were carried to the Counter.

But now let us return to what occasion'd the relation of this *jest*. After he was delivered thence, upon promise to marry his Whore, he met her Father riding towards Windsor: and being enflam'd with the remembrance of this disgrace, kill'd him upon the High-way, for which fact, *Tiburn* depriv'd me of him.

Thus destitute of any Friend, to whom I might commit the keeping of my Money, I bought me a strong *Trunk*, and therin enclos'd it. My Lodging was in *Chancery-Lane*, my *Land-Lord*, an old *Atturney*, who by frequent walking to and fro, about Law-busnesse, knew the form of every Stone, which pav'd the Ground, between that place, and *Westminster-Hall*. I observ'd nothing that Day worth relation, unlesse it were the *City-Cries*: I mean, how every one hath got a differing *pronunciaton*, from *intelligible English*. Either they have worn out the parts, wherein those *Syllables* are particularly moulded, by a continual usage (considering they speak in any other kind plain enough) or else many of their words, (progressing through their *Noses*) are drown'd in that flood which *cold* purges from the *Brain*. I ask'd an *Oyster-Wench* once, what it was she cry'd? She bad me look into her *Basket*. Why (quoth I) can I find your

your words there ? Yes, she answer'd, *really*
shap'd too: Did not our Wives speak for them-
selves, little would be gotten by them; for
we cannot foil them off with trim Language,
which my Ears witnessing, I must needs be-
lieve. But leave we these Jeasts, these super-
ficiall expressions of a full Brain. A *Comick-*
Fancy wrinst in Sparkling Claret, or wrapt in
the Leaves of *April* Violets, could not wan-
der in alacrative Sence; morethen I do now.
I tell thee Reader, I will be grave, - I vow I
will stand shortly write things worthy thy
serious observation. In the mean time let me
commend to thy reading, this *Dream*, born the
first Night I lay in *London*.

Wth this Descriptiⁿ of a Grove, which I
will now shew you, CHAP. VI.

NIM most merrily relates his admirable
Dream, turnes Satyrift, and omits not the
relation of those reason which in-
duc'd him to it.

The Description of a Grove,

MY sleepy imagination carried me into a
melancholy Grove, whose courteous
Trees by embrasing one another, imprison'd
the Western Winds whilst the sweetnesse of
the place made it in love with bondage, I soon
passing through those Boughs, adorn'd with
close whispering Leaves, it sigh'd at liberty.
The Birds (cag'd in Thickets) sung sadly,
The mournful Grass alwaies wept for the ab-
sence of the Sun, and with a morallizing
Countenance, seem'd to exclaim against these
tall-Trees; which like great ones in a Com-
mon-wealth, deprive the lesse of comfort by
combining in their mischief. In this Grove I
met an aged Pilgrim, whose body being tir'd
with H. ly jaunts, his wandring-zeal ram'd
with superstitious Lampes; liv'd there,
impounded in a narrow Circuit. His lookes
were as serious as his talke; his Beard knew
little of the Barbers skill, but grew like his

Ex-

Experience, me thought longer then his ~~age~~
 Hee brought me to a Cave, whose sweet
 Mouth water'd at a Crystal Spring, which
 ran close by it: and call'd to us from thence,
 one whose Tongue spoke him a Scholar:
 His Garments seem'd only fashionable, in be-
 ing quite out of Fashion. His Armes, and
 Thighs were folded in the Leafs of old Ma-
 nuscripts: a pair of necessary though cold hu-
 manor in him y^e to dissuade nakednesse from be-
 ing sensible of the Northern Wind. After ma-
 ny detinations of a troubled Spirit, he charm'd
 attention with this Speech.

The Scholars Speech

Farewel Philosophy; and that prying know-
 ledge, which, discovering Natures secrets,
 makes a modest apprehension blush, wraps
 wonder it self in a strong amazement, and
 foorth the Atheist in his damird belief: who
 termes the Souls Immortality a Childish super-
 fiction, and forg'd by politique States-men, to
 supprese Vice in the Common-wealth, which
 otherwaies would ruine Government. Fare-
 well Astronomy; an Art that best becomes the
 labour of a School-Boys weak Capacity: for e-
 very Fool can find his fatall Star without a
 Perspective, and feel it, though fixt a Thousand
 Leagues above his reach. Or what is he that
 only looking on a comet, cannot prophetic

a Ryng; since his own Guilt doth prompt him. Farewell *Physick*; thou that circumventest Death, and with comfortable Herbes preventest *Autumn* in Man, by a perpetual *Spring*. Farewel that thriving Spirit; which with the height of Knowledge makes Experience seem an *Affe*; deep Policy, shallow Surmises; Farewel *Rhetorique*; and that smooth phrase which makes the *Courtier* appear a digneis'd *Saint*, which screws up *Fancy* to a belief repugnant unto *Sense*, and works the silly *Autor* to delight in his own undoing. Farewel *Poetry*; thou *tritum* Composer of disjointed *Sense*; thou that with *handsom* *Ornament* dost cloath a *Lie* in a true shape: Thou that ravishest the *Mechanicks* mind, to his delight, not torture; for though a dull apprehension bar at first thy pleasing entrance, yet he loves thee for it ever after. Farewel that sweet inspir'd *rap-sody* which cue's fluent expression into perfect *sense*; which in descriptions really describes, corrects *Nature*, and makes it seem more natural. O farewel! for thy *Laurel* only flourisheth on the *dry* Heads of thole, who can but lamely imitate, and withers on *moist* *diviner* *Browes*. Farewel in general the *Schollers* trade, since what to others is a *comfort*, is to him a *burden*; for he is tir'de with *Hope*, and tam'd by *Ignorance*: *Ignorance*! She that is only fortunate in *ambition*, yet fix'd on high,

high, esteemed lesse in the Eies of those, that with admiration gaze below.

Here the *Pilgrim* (being loth to let his sick, overworn patience , serve as bridle to his Tongue) commands a silence , which he obey'd by streight returning into the Cave. O how he weigh'd each word to the very poise of Accenting. *Cicero* either whip thy Tongue , or hereafter let thy Ghost be deaf to thy disparagement. Had my Ears been long enough to have reach'd him in the Cave, I had kill'd the *Proverb* in contradiction , grac'd what an Asse wears to the contempt of all, and made his name worthy any Mans acceptance.

The Souldiers Speech after this his description.

Soon after him buffets forth the ruines of a lusty Man : one that strove to tire Misfortune with a counterfeit contempt of it, little blest with outward Habiliments ; for his ambitious Stockins did dislocare his Doublet , and serv'd instead of Sleeves : whilst the Elbows made Casements of necessity and peep'd out. Scarce had he any one Limb sufficiently cloathed to keep warm the Spectators Eies. His Skin was pinckt quite over with thrusts , fearfully stoln by the Rapiers point of some opposing Coward. His Face (caru'd by the pattern of his mind) was rough, and seem'd secondly begot by the careful gain of a bungling Sur-

Surgeon. The carriage of his Body exprest him a *Travailer*, as if he had got the theoriue of all Country postures, and lost the pratique of his owne. He spoke as if his Tongue (late-ly come from farr) had brought good utter-ance home, for these were his words.

His Speech.

Farewell *lusty-Warr* ! thou that with *bloody Justice*, dost bravely arbitrate, 'ween *Prin-cess rights*, and *Souldiers Valors* : farewell *un-hullmark'd Resolution* ! thou carelesse *Spark*, whose father was a *Roman* : thou that exalts each *Nerve* to an *ambitious hight*, lifting the Body up to *over-reach Danger* : farewell that *bemisching winter* which the *sprightfull Drum*, tunnells through our *Eares* into our *flesh*, when our *Bloods freeze*, and our *Gorges heave at Peace*, when wee esteeme *Life* be-low *esteeeme*, when the *large Pike* (that *barrs clofing with the Enemy*) seems an *impediment* to *true Valor*, and the *Sword*, within the *Scabbard*, looks like *Glory hid* : farewell the *lowde Trumpet* with whose *vooyce*, rewording *Echoes scolde*, whose *cheerfull harmony* makes the *wanton Heart dance* in a *Breast* be-siedg'd with *Swords*: farewell the *shrill Fiffe*, which drovvnds in the *Covvards Eare* *Terror*, compos'd of *dying Groanes*, and *hidous strocks* : farewell the *glorious Troope* of *comely*

comely Horse ! in whose Pride (as fitting none but Beasts) fits handsomer then in the Riders
 lookest farewell the bawling Cannon (Deaths
 bloody Executioner) from whose wide mouth
 Destruction (roundly shap'd) wraps it selfe in
 a Case of disturbed Ayre, dismembers lofty
 Stooples, pats away aspiring Pinnacles, and
 steales at once a whole Ranke of Mortals : far-
 well learned Strategems ! deepe Circumven-
 tion ! wholesome Politie ! and sound compo-
 sing of dangerous Inductions : farewell Death !
 thou that begest the Soldiers life ; who on-
 ly breaths in honor : farewell, life ! thou that
 begetst the Soldiers Death : who now lives
 smoother'd in disgrace.

After he had thus talk'd awhile (loading
 each word with active emphasis) he return'd
 also into the Cave, being indeed interrupted
 by the hasty presence of one, whose grieve-
 brust from forth his Eyes, because so long
 barr'd of passage through his mouth. He was
 of person well shap'd, and proper ; resembling
 the decay'd remnant of a noble Stock. His
 Countenance (somewhat wither'd with in-
 fectionous Griefe) caus'd him to looke like the
 very contempt of Hapinesse : as if he out-liv'd
 his owne desire, was made an experiment by
 his cruel Fate, to try within a Haires breadth
 the sufferance of a Man : or had binne
 wrack'd to confess the strength of Misery ,
 and

and now warranted by *Experience*, what before he did deny in happy *Ignorance*. He wore his Apparell (as he wore his Life) quite out of *Fashion*, and took his farewell thus.

The speech of a decayed Gentleman.

Farwell all those nice points of *Honour*, which in the observing makes Reputation but a *Trouble*: farewell that hereditary respect, borrow'd from the merits of our *Ancestors*, by which we enrich their fame, and impoverish our owne: farewell *Gratitude*, thou care of a noble Heart, that by *Requitall* makes thy selfe a *Beggar*: that I knowst to poyle thy thanks with the successe of a free *Suift*, but with the *kind-disposition* of the Giver: farewell *Temperance*! thou physicall preserver of natural blessings, thou *strengthner* of those infinitive faculties, which belong to each particular *Sense*: thou that canst best (with palpable demonstrations) distinguish *Men* from *Beasts*: farewell *Hospitalitie*: thou thrifte *Prodigall*, and *ancient* *Herald* to proclaime us *Gentlemen*: farewell that handsome, decent *Courteisie*, which makes the *Vulgar* proude of having Liyes, for our commands to tread upon: farewell *Decorum*; and that sweet premeditating judgment, which crownes *Action* with a blest *conclusion*: farewell *Friendship*! thou *covetous* engroffer of all Earthly *Comforts*!

forts! thou that (with honest equivocation) includ'st two Men in one, *ring* together their very heart strings in a *true love knot*: tempering their minds, as if they had moulded one another, in their wishes. Their winged industry (begot by mutual exchange of care) makes the conclusion of a weighty businesse, come to *prevent* expectacie: is never tir'd, but stak'd in officious motion, and constant to variety of comforts, O! Farewell, Farewell *Patience*: that Rose-lipp'd *Cherubine*, who heretofore was beautious, as the *Infant morne* in the East, when *Sol* doth paint her; but now she is ugly, old, and *Hag*-like withered, for unnatural wrongs have to infected her.

The description of a forsaken Virgin.

Here concluding with a sigh, he returnes also from whence he came, leaving his roome supply'd by a creature purposely made to please curiosity in a *detracting* lovers Eie. I tell thee Reader she was the *prettiest little Thiefe*, that ever wanton Imagination hugg'd to defile; so farre above description, that if I durst attempt it, I should leave (unreach'd) just so much Argument, as might serve *Marots Muse* to compose a fit *Mistresse*, for his *Husband*. Griefe in her seem'd a handsome *Possession*; nothing did ill become her but her

Fortune.

Fortune, I cannot say the Garments which
 she wore were coorse and base, because her
 beauty needed no basenesse to feyle it off: nei-
 ther is it possible *Fate* could be so hard-hear-
 ted, as to apparell her in want: No? that
 were a thought most lame in reason: for
 though her Gowne was made of *bone-spun*
 stiffe, I am sure she wore *Golden Hayre* &c wept
 Pearles: how! did she weape? I must not say
 so, lest thou weape to think on it, but never
 so handsomely as she did. If the grey Hypo-
 crite (whose ycares speaks him olde, and ex-
 act in a *disguis'd* behaviour) had but lookt on
 her, he would have sworne the Politician
 studies only to *undermine* himselfe: for *naked*-
Innocence grew on her face in such a *pleasing*
 shape, that Sinners (who before were mar-
 ed to their Guilt) plead repentance, and
 proffer love to it. She never knew Man, with
 a knowledge more *dishonest* then what har-
 bours in her Eies, only by sight: yet some
Arch-Rogue, some *damn'd Lover*, (choak'd
 with too much happiness) hath done her
 wrong: whose *errand* now she will deliver
 to the World, I mary will she, and that
 sowndly too. *Sorrow* 'ere while sat on her
 Tongue, like *bad expression*, and her Words
 were *quarter'd* in the utterance: but now
 she'lle brooke no more, her *Tippet* is *unpin'd*
 stands up (like a *Beacon*) to foretell a *Warr* of
 words.

words, she must scolde, which she did thus ; but otherways then thus she could not scolde.

Her Speech.

Farwell the *Virgins* peace, *true Content* ; and all those ravishing effects which harmless thoughts beget : when our dull Spirits are tickled with a *frozen Joy* : when the flash of *Lightning* cannot singe our Souls : nor the noyse of *Thunder* fix us to a *fearfull admiration*, ay me farewell. And farewell *Love* ! thou upnaturall Thief, that requit'st obsequious passion, with stealing the motives of those comforts : *O hatefull Love* ! improper word, that dost imply a double sense, the good to shadow 'ore the bad : thou that *toyl'st* only to be *meary*, and consum'st more content, than eminent hopes can give satisfaction for. Farewell *Faith* in men ! who never had any strong enough, to keep unbroken their *weake* words : subtile, wicked Men, who *disguising* falsehood in *big Oaths*, sooth our fond credulirie, to a *pittifull* consent. Such a one rob'd me of my Heart, and return'd it to make my Guilt exceed his : for no offence deserves punishment so much, as to *receive*, or *live by*, what was stolne. His name beares such a *sympathy* with Sorrow, that falling from my Lips, my Teares would *drown* it, farewell my well tun'd *Voyce* ! which made my

my Tongue a Pillory; for more Eates were
nail'd to it, then offences could condemne:
which Made the *Nightingall* blush when we
have sung together; for Men would tell her:
she had lost her Mayden-head: farewell my *Lute*,
whose strings are now as dumb as *Silence*,
and shall never more be peg'd to rob the
Auditor of wonder: farewell all *happinesse*,
for the *Time* now, is maried to my *Fortune*,
and begets more woes, then my poore *estate* of
Patience is able to maintain.

Her last word lost half its accent, she be-
ing interrupted by a little *Dove*, who with an
accustom'd tripping familiarity, affur'd her
harmlesse *Fancy* to go aside, and sport vwith
it: So light in alteration is *leaden Sorrow*,
when dwelling in a Heart not guilty of its
Birth. Though the *Pilgrims* hot desires vvere
mortified by Age; and his courageous Blood
tam'd by a reserv'd diet; yet he seem'd to be-
moan her vwith an *amorous* Pitty: vwas about
particularly to acquaint me vwith the rank,
and conditions of all his Captives, likevwise
hovv they came thither: But I vvaking, de-
priv'd him of further labour, my self of
trouble.

This *Dream* needed no help from *Egypt*
to expound it, for the *Time* (vwith reall ex-
amples) serv'd as *Interpreter*. My Brains and
Heart met in consultation a vwhole Week
before

before they could advise me vwhat course of life to take: at last I resolved to turn *Sayrist*: being induc'd to that holy calling by these four reaasons. The first was, a Divine inspiration, which my *Young turbulent zeal* extacted from the *Dream*. Secondly, because the State at that time felt alteration; and divers great ones (plac'd before as high as Fortune her self could reach) sate then on her foot-stool, *humbled* below *vulgar* respect. Thirdly, I being yet to choose acquaintance, strove rather to have my wit prefer me to the better sort at first, than that necessity should furnish me with such, whom afterwards I would scorn to acknowledge; the World alwaies censuring a Man by the fashion and demeanor of his Companions. Fourthly, my Purse was then sufficiently stor'd with Money: an Argument that might easily perswade the World, I wrote to defend *Virtue*, not my own *Poverty*: As for those qualities which compose a perfect *Sayrist*, I had enough to proclaim *Nature* Prodigal, and *Art* is soon attain'd by industry. I travell'd far in History, and knew the World by report, as well as if my pains had been a Tutor to my *Knowledge*. How I proceeded afterwards, thou maist partly understand by reading the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

NIM being drunk, goes to hire a Servant in Paul's, and after a sober description of the Church, and Walkers, recounts how strangely he was supply'd with one.

Consideration had so much dull'd my Spirits, and black'd my Blood, that I resolved one Morning to drown it in a Cup of Sack. To the Tavern I went, but being incredulous of those commendations which the Drawer sold with his Wine, and covetous to arbitrate judiciously; I tasted it with my Brains: For though it be more natural, the Palat should give judgement in this kind, yet their verdict is prefer'd in Capital controversies, and theretofore set so light by this when I say light, you may take it in a contrary sense, as if my Leggs were unable to support my weight; Unable to support my weight? Very well Goodman Nim! Goodman Fop! Goodman Doggs-Nose! now my sneaking modesty creeps from the matter, and minces it with ambiguous phrase? Is it not time to leave this? ha? well, howsoever Reader do thou suppose I was drunk, starke drunk

but not with Wine ? rather with Liquor di-
still'd from a Womans Brains, and mingled
with juice, squees'd from a melancholy
Hearts for so *variable*, and *unproportion'd* were
my humours. To beat the Drawer, cut off
the Heels from my shoo's, were only *Pecca-*
dilloes (as the *Italian* saies) *Pigmy-faults* :
but I forsooth (distast'ng the House atten-
dance) must in all post hast go hire a Servant;
a Fellow of some Soul ! whose service must
not meerly consist in the strength of his Limbs,
but in the apprehensive quality of his Brains.
Where to get such a one suddenly ? I could
not tell, unlesse in *Paul's* ? which Church ea-
sily to passe over is impossible, 'tis so high :
therefore somthing we will say of it. Only
let us refrain to expresse with a *pittifull-de-*
scription the ruines of *Time*, because for the
most part they are plac'd above our reach :
even on the top of the *Steeple*. *St. Gregories* be-
ing compar'd to it, looks like a Church,
whose charge of building was at the benevo-
lence of a poor *Usurer* ; or dedicated to some
undeserving *Saint*, who meant to shew his
humility in the acceptance. The use of those
walks within, I do more pity, then admire
their spacious state : For wouldest thou know
where the young *Ward's* undoing is contriv'd ?
so thither, thou shalt perceive his *Guardian*
newly enter'd, puffing with haste, and sweat-
ing

ing by an unaccustomad labour he hath taken,
to be there half an hour before his politique
Companions: a space fiz'd out to advantage
his old judgement, to prevent with ~~premedita-~~
~~tion~~ all *countermines*: His Conscience pre-
senting to his guilty fear a punishment, be-
fore the Sin be quite committed. Wouldst
thou know where the *Usurer*, and his *Scriu-
ner* consult to cheat the young *Heir* of Mor-
gag'd Land? Why there too: and are ~~as~~ eas-
ily distinguisht from other Men by their
walking, as from one another by their Gar-
ments. The *Usurer* (hating the charge of a
fashionable Hat, or all *costly* care to preserve
his *wither'd* Beauty) wears his high-Crownd,
according to the old *ambitious* form: with
narrow Brims, lest it might bar his *covetous*
Face, the reflection of the Sun's golden Beams.
His long Cloke, Bumbas-Doublter, and Trunk
Hose are thread-bare: only observe his left
Thumb, Gloves, and Poskey ever sticking in
his Girdle: which is a Custom graver then
his Beard. He moves in *hawdy* pace, much like
a diseased *French* Man up a Hill: his weak
Leggs being unable to support his old Car-
casse: How I can a *Usurer* live till he be old?
Yes, because his Soul is not worthy the De-
vils acceptance. The *Scriuener* is more formal
in his Apparel: his whole credit (indeed)
depending on a comely outside. Near them,
behold

beholde two leane-Gallants composing of 2
 chear , One with his Nailles dig s fresh in-
 ductions from his busie Head : the other
 (twirling his *Band-strings*) findes there a way
 to tie all up with a strong conclusion. Not
 far off likwise walks another , whose conti-
 nuall diversity of Garments, proclaiimes him
 discended from the *Man-in-the-Moone*, that
 changes outside every Month. He wears a
 long Scabbard with a *Hilt* in it , but never a
Blade , for that was break in striving for the
 Wall , and the Money which should buy an
 other , spent to reconcile himselfe to his Ad-
 versary : for they fell out of purpose to drink
 together , not like Dutch Men, who drink to
 fall out. Another in an melancholy trance ,
 marches with his Eies fastned to the
 Ground : whilst his imagination *wanders* ,
 like my Pen from the matter to which I must
 now returne.

Just when I was reading Papers pasted on
 the South Gate, a lusty young fellow (who
 perceav'd that I was drunke) pulls me by the
 Cloke, desiring some privat conference with
 me : my *knowledge* never *saw* his face before ,
 nor could his bulynesse come within the reach
 of my suppose. Wel, I walk'd with him
 some halfe a score turnes. *Time* and *discourse*
 he spent in inquiring where I was bred ?
 what *Gentlemen* of note I knew in *Gloster-*
shire ?

shire ; I told him of divers , whose names
 seem'd better acquainted with his *Eares*, then
 their Persons with his *Eies*: withall ask'd what
 urg'd in him this earnest examination ? faith
 Sir (quoth he) no harme, but I desire you to
 give me a *Crowne* for a privat reason to my
 selfe. No thankes heartily quoth I : your
privat reason appeares to me a *publique* cause
 (*want*) which though poorely worne by o-
 thers, seems in you a phantasticall *Cloak*, to
 hide, vwhat you cannot shew. This could not
 suffice him ; the *Rogue* purs'd his *Brovves* in
 a *scornefull* forme , laught(as it vvere) at my
 foolish thrift : and vwith *active* vvords, subtilly
 compos'd , persvaded me, it vvas a thing
 vvonderfull , necessarie , or consequent in
hidden sense , his desires should be accom-
 plisht. Come , come (quoth he) give it me ,
 pish-give it me I say : vwhy thou fool ! thou
 Enemy to thy ovne good fortunes ! fling it
 quickly , or I'le not stay to receave it. My
 drunken *Braunes* could not apprehend this
 new *impudence* : the money I strait vvays
 threvv him ; he as nimblly convayd it into his
 Pocket : and marching forvvard hurls his
 Head over his left Shoulder, gives me this re-
 vward. Be rich, be happy, I say be happy ; for
 thou vvert borne (young Man) in a happy
 Hour-farevvell. These words strengthned
 those surmises in me , vvhom vvine had
 made

made vveake. My suppositiones concerning his qualitie vvere divers, and kill'd one another in contradiction : but at last memory seasd on that *Philosopher's* opinion, vwho held, every Mans *Good Genius* offers his service to him, once before he be *Thirty* yeares old : yet is generally refus'd by that feare, vwhich spiritual Shapes beget, vwhen our understanding is scar'd from us. Now my imagination undervalue'd desert so much as to think this my *Good Genius* in the shape of a *Beggar*. I had three reasons vwhich vrought me to this conjecture, and may likevise induce thee to believe it an accidentall truth. First I vvas *drunke*, a *strong one*, extracted from my *irrationable-weaknesse* : for vve are aptest to credit impossible things, vwhen the Soule *consideration* is drovvn'd : vwhich should *dialogue* with the Heart, before vve conclude to approve of any thing. Secondly the rawnessle of my *routh* : vwhich doth most palpably excuse my imbecillitie in distinguishing *Truth* from *falshood*, vwhen you call to mind how he disguis'd both, in a subtill unkownvne shape. Thirdly my *beautifull Face* vvrapt me in such a vain-glorious estimation of my Merits ; that I thought *Fortune* could not be too kinde, nor I covetous : for *Beauty* in a Man begets only a *selfe-dotage*, his imagination being his flattering *Glasse* : vwhere he *beholdes* vwhat he can never finde (that is) something to attract

amorous-amazement from the Spectators Eies: but indeed t'is no *beauty*, in being *beauty*, t'is --- I vvor not vwhat: a superfluous ornament vwhich vwanton Mayds doe envy moare than *love*; vwhich vwise Womēn scorne as a thing more inconstant then their humors, and leſſe becoming. But now to our purpose.

I was devising with a *fearfull doubt*, and *Hopefull amazement* what to say: at last ask'd, whether Heaven had sent him thus dis-*guis'd*, to proffer me his service? the *Rascall* (as I understood afterwards) was newly dis-*carded* by his Master, and glad of any Mans entertainment: therefore told me (if I pleas'd) he would serve me with all his *Heart*, little suspecting what I meant; but suppos'd so much of my *Language*, which appear'd improper in his apprehension, to proceed from superfluous draughts. Well homewards I reel'd, ravisht with possessing a certaine kind of I knew not what: but still glanc'd back mine Eie, expecting when my *Good-Genius* would transforme into a *celeſtiall* shape: though he (a plague on him) was constant in the forme of a *Roguish* face, and chang'd only in behavior: for enough I had of such obſervance as belongsto a new Master. The *Winde* had enter'd my *Patc*, as ſoone as I my *Lodging*: ſo that I was faine to goe to *Bed*, where I ſet presently fast aſleepe.

He

He boldly call'd for a Payre of cleane Sheets, and Trukled under me : never attempting to pick my Pockets : though *wickednesse* was advantag'd with an occasion so provocative. About Midnight I wak'd and hearing one snort at my Beds feete , was strucken silent with a *fearfull admiration*. My *Thoughts* examin'd my Heart concerning the last Days actions : my Heart summon'd the assistance of my *Memory* : so that I recover'd by preece-meale the knowledge of what befell me in *Paul's* : how my *Good Genius* brought me to my Lodging : who must (by all present consequents) be he that now disturbs my *Ears* : which when perus'd with *sober cogitation* , seem'd both strange , and ridiculous. I consum'd three Howers in tedious suspence, untill (stepping from betweene the Sheets) the Sunne Beames usherd my person within his reach : where I beheld an *illfavour'd* face, adorn'd by a *fashionable* Beard. My Hand (troubled with the *Cowards-Pallsey*) I thrust towards him , to try whether I could *feel* what I *saw* ; in fine, found him a *substantiall* Spirit , a *human-Genius* : so return'd to consider of it on my Pillow. At Six a Clock he rose, and after some obsequious diligence in the way of service , deliver'd to my *inquisitive* mind what thou hast read : whilst I finding him indu'd with a notable shifting wit ,

stood

stood to a drunken bargain: his name was Oliver Bunge.

CHAP. VIII.

NIM acquaints you with his first proceedings, in his Satyricall calling; and in-weighs against three Men, who publiquely profess themselves to be of the same vocation.

NOthing can be so acceptable to a judicious Capacity, as naturall expression; that is, to body out of matter with imaginary substance, to write (as it were) by inspiration, to make real what Art but counterfeits, and with forc'd rapsody labours only to discover her imperfections. I strove to be, (what others could but seem) a perfect Satyrist. Course Cynical diet sowr'd my disposition, bitter'd all my thoughts, by eating passage for my Gout, to overflow my Heart: and Custom settled my mind in affection of that, which before seem'd unnatural to it. A Satyrist hates only what he envies: 'twas formall in me to hate, and consequent in sense to envy: but whom to envy (unlesse those great ones which

which I did fear to hate satirically) I knew not: therefore went by degrees to learn, what I was soon able to teach. Publick Walks, and Theaters I often haunted: for there *Phantasm* might feed to surfeit: but on what ? on *Envy*; which made me leaner then a *Spanish* Chandler. Gaudy rich Apparell cloth'd my young *Thoughts*, and after two Month's space, I could curle *Fortune* as handsomly as a *beggarly* Souldier in his *drink*: survey my worth (in comparison of some rich Gallants) with *vain-glorious* partiality, gnaw my neather Lip at him, pitty my own poor Fate with an angry Passion: sometimes tire Melancholy with impossible suppositions; and in a serious *Trance*, study how to dispose of those renews which belong to my *imaginary* Empire: wherein I am more liberal then *drunken* Prodigality: hurling (as it were) a Million, together with a courteous Nod, to him I n'ere convers'd withall but once; or else erect new *Castles* in the *Air*, and strengthen their foundation with half an Hours perdurance longer then the former (that is) to give them life just till *Dinner* time: but then *Hunger* brought me to our Parlour-Table; where, when I beheld nothing but *solid* Beef, and *tough* Brawn (meer *antipathies* to those various services which would be equivalent with the state of an *Emperour*) I could not but (humbling

(humbling my self) remember there was no such matter: and so fall into a second *Melancholly*, though leſſe pleasing then the other.

Those whom I firſt rail'd at, were Men of my own calling (*Satyrifts*) a new device, therefore likely to be approv'd of in this new World: wherein old waies are ſcorn'd; be-cause *accuſtomy*: though in the golden time, *Custom* enjoy'd more able ſtrength then *Law*, was upheld by *Superſtition*, and might com-mend it ſelf without vain-glory. The chief motive that invited me to write againſt them, was their *ignorant* diſgracing of our profeſſion. Three flouriſh'd with vulgar ap-probation in my time: each of them publish-ing divers *Satyrſ*: including ſtaffe, not worthy to be worn by our memory, ualeſſe in deriſion. The firſt (who claims preceſſion by previuation) strove to excuse his abſurd writing, by publishing a worfe fault (*he was no Scholler*): O impertinent diſcovery of what did moſt palpably diſcover it ſelf! what *ridi-ling* Phyſick diſt thou minister to thy *Fames* health? for though the *confession* of thy deſi-cience, leſſen thy firſt defect in *Catholique* abſolution; yet thou haſt joyned a greater to it. Who but an *Emperick* would diſminiſh in his *Patient* the torment of one Grief, by aggra-vating the Souls lauguishment with a ſecond disease?

disease? O thou *Fool!* thou *Dunce!* I fret as zealous of my calling, but never pity thee, unlesse when I consider that *Pity* yields no remedy.

The second foild off coarse phrase, and rugged Rime, with a sawcy impudence: his ambitious Pen (made surely of an *Eagles* Quill) soar'd to reach the actions of great States-Men. Cynicall behaviour, and practising the rough, unfashionable rudiments of a Soulđiers lite, made him appear in our Prelievers apprehension (whose dull *grossing* judgments can only censure by the outside) the thing which he had not wit enough to be. A *Cur* that barked like a *Cur*: unsensible, what motiv'd his *unsensible* Language: not able to expresse his weak faculties, but in that high *Saynical* strain, which did misbecome it most: for he would be *dump* two years, untill the untimely fall of some new born Family rais'd up his voice to kill quite their dying Famel. Cowardly Executioner! that durst but destroy those whose offences do *condemne*, and the State *disarm* to suffer. But leave we thee too.

The Third is lesse *wity*, but more ambitious in preferring his factious Spirit, so the eminent observation of our durty rabble: and by their encouragement, rears up his *leaden* Muse to reach, what *else* *dead* *weight* might keep below

below a proper Patronage. His Childish *Poems*, and Mungrell *Satyr*s are his own *Chronicle*, and too much commend him ; which as it is the *cheapest Flattery*, so 'tis the *worst*. Many think he labour'd by it, to prevent the Readers labour: but I think it an *unnecessary care*. Sometimes *Fortune* lends his dull apprehension Eyes, to see his imperfections : occasioning her *blindnesse* as her punishment ; and him a bad chance to succeed the *pretence* of a good *omen*, by beholding that defective which he cannot mend; no not excuse, unless in proclaiming to the World his *Youth*: an old trick, yet in *fashion* still with him. If thou hast read his *Satyr*; which though proudly dedicated, is so poor in matter, so basely obsequious for a *resolute offence*; thou might'st perceive how his *strong* *weaknesse* insults over a self-conquest; how he asks too much pardon for that fault, which he doth not confess himself guilty of, or else dares not. Sometimes he doth promiscuously admire in himself a *supernatural gift*: saying, 'Tis wonder'd how my *youth* so much *corruption* can disclose. O presuming confidence, and confident vain-glory ! as if ought (worth admiration) could proceed from disclosing that, which is not hid from vulgar knowledge? besides a *squint-Eyed Man* may sooner discern *blindnesse* in another, then cure his own *imperfections*: yet this

this young inspir'd *Satyrift* (who is only skilful in the knowledge of what infects knowledge) doth, catch the approbation of divers Gallants: but what are they ? *Souldiers of the Time*, bigg Thigh'd *Puffs*, stronger in words then action, in Limbs then judgement, in whom admiration is commendation, and *Ignorance* Father to the first: who apprehend meerly the Authors labour, on a Subject which might expresse wit, but cannot distinguish any.

CHAP-

CHAP. IX.

NIM doth in particular exclaim against all those Satyrits who bide themselves, yet publish their writings: shew's Reasons for so doing: with a trick that he hath bobs privately; delivers a brife superficiall Character of the Hollanders, and relates in what manner he spent part of his time in London, when attended on, by his man Bunge.

Now though these Three did in publique present themselves to our discovery; yet know we can disclose those Men too, that murmur in obscure Corners: who are fearfull even of speaking softly; therefore proclaim to others a *dumb silence* in their own cri
graske) who whisper with their Pens, and the darkly bring their thoughts to light in Hieroglyphicall words, personating Men in the na-
tures of Beasts, whose names (literally or alle-
gorically) doth sympathize with theirs, whom they aime at. Some of them I hated, because their

their Works (not so commonly extant as mine) took from the worth of mine yet added not to their Fame: by reason they were loath to acknowledge those Bastards which their Muse begot. Othersome I could not hate, but pitty; because they hated themselves with sufficient demonstration in publishing their own folly: apply my meaning when thy labour is ill required; by reading those Verses which so bitterly inveigh'd against our King, his roiall Pastimes, and most judicious disposure of his favour: but if a modest reverence (due to that sacred Majestic) muse thy Eies from beholding such un-naturall blasphemy; yet strive to encourage thy revenge, by reading those foppish ragged Lines; which some Iron-witted School-Boy, some Leaden-Sould-Puppy bark'd against him, whose compleat worth, and full desert, prefer'd him to be his Favourite, that is still constant in his politique choice. Or if thou wilt not tempt thy patience to such a dangerous experiment, peruse the sense of that hypown-criticall Satyr, which by way of prayer for and the preservation of his Sovereigns five senses, most falsely accus'd every one, of a preposterous na-defect. Or if thy duty also be in love, and alle that love, blind to all such Fame-murdering Libells: vouchsafe then to read the humble Petition of that ingenuous Gentleman; that

partless wit ! who to exceed in a new device ;
 deliver'd it Queen Elizabeth's Toomb , and
 answer'd it himselfe : a necessary satisfaction ,
 an unnecessary request ; for he that talks to the
 Dumb, must reply to his own speech : besides
 'twas more probable that the Stones would
 laugh ; then speake : for though Elizabeth's
 being there should infuse a contrary passion ,
 yet his Jeast must needs make a Stone laugh ;
 according to the *Italian Proverb*.

Well , henceforth be all your Lips fowde
 up , burie your words (compos'd of such un-
 wholesome Breath) in your owne hollow
 Breasts , least they infect others . Let your
 Pens no more betray your thoughts : Nor
 do you by minick looks , ambiguous action
 with the Head , or politique gesture of the
 Body , seeme neutrally inclinde in your o-
 pinion concerning dangerous demands : for
 this Hypocrisie makes a Man a Stranger to his
 owne designes , like Time ; ruins where it sea-
 seth ; and is only good in that it rewards the
 user with destruction . Besides if your owne
 particular weake cannot perswade you to
 silence , yet let Charitie cause you to remem-
 ber , the generall good of our Profession : and
 how you have lessend that estimation which
 the World held us in , by a Cowardly prefer-
 vation of your owne safeties ; by a feare to
 discouer your selves Authors of what priva-

by you publisi: but 'tis known, a Sarayrist should
 usher Action with more boldnesse, than Re-
 solution can beget, when *danger* murders *Feare*.
 Impudence in a *shriuid-Bawde* doth not so con-
 fidently trust to the helpe of *equivocation*, as
 he to the vallor of a factious Spirit. Holy-
 zeale, and a care of his Country, are those
 pretences wherwith he should *gull* his owne
 Conscience, and strengthen his pure fame
 throughout the world: but your faint Cou-
 rage argues Guilt, which you seeme privately
 to confess, as fearfull of a publique punish-
 ment: whilst wee that are valiant, oppose
 our selves to suffer, what you craftily avoyd.
 Therefore I conjure you once more (by the
 paine of my correction) to be dumb hereaf-
 ter; take heed: but especially mutter not a-
 gainst him, whose fame is bullwark'd with
 my Soule, whose *defence* is my *reputation*:
 which I strive to preserve (unmaim'd) more
 for the love I owe his *safety*, then my owne
 Glory. Besides your *Envy*, which when fastned
 on others, shews pale and *leane*, will then *ana-*
tomize it selfe, and appeare more deform'd,
 then your base dishonesty. But stay my deere
 Muse do not in pursuit of an *Enemy*, runne
 thy selfe quite out of breath: or with the
 Celestiall heat of true affection sacrifice at
 once thy selfe to a friends acceptance. There
 is one more yet, eminent in thy Masters hate,

whom I discover for thy Conquest. Courage my Darling for thou must fly to *Holland*, where he lives that dulls our profit, with sending hither little *Pamphlets*: which are *New-yeares-gaifs*, for all those turbulent Heads, who pry into the old yeares actions in hope of alteration: The Books are little worth; unless value'd by the *Stationer*, who makes the Peoples fond estimation his game: and in that doth us a courtesie, for though *comming from farr*, make them more pleasing to *ignorant fancy*, yet it makes them displeasing to the *Purse*: which being a thing neerer their love, and tie'd with their very *Heart-strings*, cannot but prefer our *cheape Bookes* to the third degree of *Comparison*. Some account them learned, but tis in *accusation* not in *commendation*: for *Schollers* (who have not long practis'd the *Practique* part of what they *study*) are naturally enclined to a *prodigall* utterance of such deepe knowledge, as *unprofitable Memory* doth intrude into the company of *Matter*, which would expresse more *Skill*, with lesse *Art*. It is a *learned imperfection* like - I wot not what to call it: but they do stifle their meaning, by striving with a multitude of *Sentences* to give it life: & thinking they can never make use of al which they have read; expresse their *Schollership* with as much *impertinencie*, as want o

Ignorance with palpabilitie. Besides though his sawcy treatises of our State, and Government are approv'd of by those, that are faine to make Report & Tutor to their knowledge, that are meerly States-men by reading his Bookes. Yet others who get Experience in their high Offices, and abiilitie to distinguish by their sound learning, finde him unable to frame an *Idea*, of what he strives *really* to compose much lesse correct that, which *Ignorance* makes him *dislike*.

But returne wee now from *Holland*, leaſt the grosse dull Ayre infect our Braines, the Boores our manners; ſo that we forget all the formall complement belonging to a new Book. They are a Nation that *swimme* in their owne profitable ſweat; that have found out what ſweet ſuccesse depends on *Sudden-Industry*, therefore tire themſelves with *coretous*, Labour, ſecurely to take rest. Their fashions are moft uncivill, for did not a legall punishment curb their naturall diſpoſition, they would demonstrate more *Atheiſtſicall* behaviour, then *religious* feare. They never fight but under the Banner of *Bacchus*, who having ſafely throwded their *Imagination* in a Mote of Engliſh Beer, they can be *desperate* not valiant. To call them *Traytors* were with blunt phrase to conclude rashly, what others with equitabating Arguments have tediously diſputed on, but

but never absolutely agreed in arbitration : or rather poorely to requite that fawcy Lan-
guage, which they utter against his sacred
Person, whom with love, and duty I equally
adore. Their Government is a ~~compos'd~~-con-
fusion of new Policy. Some think it an ~~Os~~
~~bigarthie~~, some a ~~Democrat~~, some between
both. But sure I am the Peoples Hearts rebell
to attaine the first : though the ambition of
rich Merchants labours for the second, and
compells them to live between both. I only
grieve that our Gentlemen, Younger Brothers
(who by comming a year lag of some nimble
Fop into the World, come to soone to inherit
Sorrow) should lie ~~Perdu~~ in safeguard of such
Pedants, for three Shillings a Weeke : O pec-
nurious Necesitie ! and necessarie Thift ! Who
can Maintaine a Soul with so poore a sti-
pend, for the love too of such ingratefull Mon-
sters, that peece up their pay with publique
contempt, and privat scoffs. I vow by the
Spirit of a Nim, I had rather cease to exist.
But I must come now to that, from which I
have wander'd.

Full seaven Monthis did I labour by in-
vective Songs to diffect from the Body of my
calling, unprofitable Members : such who
were meeter shapes of uneffectuall use, there-
by thinking to enter into a publique Contro-
versie, with some due timent in vulgar e-
stimation,

stimation, and too weake in faculties to
withstand my opposition; which had bin a
choise way to have made my selfe famous
in the World, and participler in all Mens no-
tice: for he that discommends others, seemes
to commend hym selfe by a dumb-comparison:
and selfe-commendations the World will prie
into, in expectation of some supernaturall
guift, that may excuse such immodest Vaine-
glory. The publisher of my Writings was
my unfortunate Rogue Bunge, who presented
them to his old Masters, as stolne from me;
now whether they (unable to apprehend me
(soe) neglected to divulge them abroad, or
else (being divulg'd) None whom I challeng-
ed, durst take exceptions; as fearfull to invi-
te more Anger, I know not: but sure I am
they prov'd to me of no effect. One morty
accident (occasioned by these proceedings) I
will now omitt thy knowyldge.

CHAP.

and without any other course, her husband
said directly, **CHAP. X.**

NIM being desirous to make thee laugh,
dost in this Chapter report a notable
merry accident, which befell his
Heirs and man Oliver Bunge.

A Certain young Gentlewoman (earl'd
with a compudent Portion by her dis-
ceased Fathers Will) grew carnally acquaint-
ed with a wealthy ward: one that did not
long enjoy her to himself, because he was not
alwaies sufficiantly provided to please her
insatiable Appetite: for 'tis with Maids as
with Tobaccoists, who Having once raffed
in night, whist before with Pain they did a-
way they cannot live without it: which made
her stray for fresh pasture. At last her Fancy
lighted on a Drummer, whose name was Peel:
a Fellow limm'd for prodigality in action: made
to people Countries, to beget more Men, then
the Plague devours. Her greedy Passion could
not attend upon formality, or tedious Time,
till Occasion might present her with an acci-
dentalt that would excuse her immodefty, in dis-
covering such dishonest Love: but boldly she
sends for him to her Fathers House, where
first she saw him (in the company of a Ser-
ving

ving-man;) and unfolds to him her mind, which he admir'd, and lik'd: so that the next Morning he stole her from her Friends, brought her to London, and married her. The Ward hears of it, pursues them thither; and by a politique inquisition found out their Lodging. Of late time she had made his foolish dotage her mirth; wherefore now he intends she shall be served with the like Sawce: purposing to send her a Copy of Verses, wherein he would bitterly deride, her & *Peel the Drummer*. Of these Verses I became Author by this chance.

Bunge passing through Fleet-Street about my businesse, met with an old Master of his, who accompany'd the Ward, and hath heretofore been visited with my Papers. After a little talk between them he acquainted him with what thou hast read, desir'd him that he would procure me to write some Verses upon that Subject, and bring them to the Wards lodgind before eight. *Bunge* presently return'd home to tell me the Plot, on which I wrote thus,

Whore, wonder not I write to thee
In Verses, like some lyric Poet:
'Tis cause thou hast rejected me.
Thou thinkst naught I do know it;

But

But know, I know that thou art come;
To know Peel's Drum-stick, be thy
Drum.

(2)

Perhaps thy Folly may admire
(Since heretofore my bashfull mind
Did make me dumb) how I aspire,
So soon to Thunder in this land;

But know, I know that my great wrong
Would make him speak that had no
Tongue.

(3)

With fierce Alarums you intend
To summon every sense to come
Before this bawdy Night shall end
Trembling full fain about thy drums
As how? I know not, but in this
They guesse aright, that gueſſe araffe,
As how? I know not, but in this
They guesſe aright, that gueſſe araffe.

(4)

Peel will suppose thy skin is tough
And his Stick too weak to break it
Unless his blow be too too rough,
As gladly so thou wouldest bespeak it.

But (alas) 'tis laid upon, and worn
By three Drum-sticks besides my own.

(5)

No ill Plagues are hot in house, & field,
Till all men die, do thou accord.

with

with him; to venture for a Child,
 'Cause whores Issues are so abhor'd
 That 'twere not fit the Brat should meet
 A Swadling-Clout, but Winding-
 Sheet.

(6)

Give Pele the Lie, thou many Drab,
 Not that I design with him to fight,
 But 'cause the Lie deserves the Stab,
 Which to receive is thy delight.

Now wonder not I sing so hoarse what thou hast
 read,
 For, whore, thou knowst that thou hast had my
 Malden-head.

These being fairly written, Bunge convey'd unto the young Wards Lodging, who was privately inform'd, that the Drummer, and his Wife knew of his being in Town, therefore (to avoid his company) chang'd their abode: but whither went they? even into Turnbull-Street: just the politique shift of a poor Soldier, whose neccesity is so well accommodated, with convenient assistance, to raise him to the height of a good Fortune, that he often falls in claming, but so low, as he can never reach it again. The House was polluted with a bandy Tenant: whose acquaintance my Drummer bought dearly on a Saturday Night: steling into the Door with a comfort

sort of base Companions. His love-sick
 Wife was easily perswaded to believe the
~~Ward~~ his Mothers own Sister: and the place
 very convenient to conceal this stoln Marri-
 age. Now those who before enform'd the
~~Ward~~ of their first lodging, dogg'd them also to
 this, and presently brought him word, in
 what a stately Palace the poor ~~Drunome~~ en-
 tertain'd her. Out of a *politique* prodigalitie
 he gave *Bunge* three Pounds for the Verses:
 thinking to buy a *gratitude* so potent in him,
 that he should suppose no second service full
 in requitall, no though he ventured a beat-
 ing by it. So whilst the Gentleman (*Bungs*
 old Master) entertain'd him with impertinent
 discourse, the ~~Ward~~ enclos'd the Verses in an
 other Paper, which he seal'd and superscrib'd
 in the true name of his *quondam* Mistresse,
 lodging at the Sign of *Sun* and *Moon* in *Turn-
 ball-Street*: knowing though *Bunge* had heard
 of the name of *Peel*, yet with hers he was
 wholly unacquainted: besides to prevent all
 motives of suspicion, he gave it him in pri-
 vate, saying, we are all mortall, Flesh and
 Blood: Young men must be tamed when they
 are lusty. I am now sick of too much health, but
 that superscription wil direct thee to a shee-
Galen, one that will purge the Body of all
 rampant humours: wholsom she is, though
 poor. My own Man is a Country-Cockney, ne-
 ver

ver came within the smell of a City, never saw the Cities Face; much lesse the *secret parts* of it, therefore is unfit to be employ'd in this businesse. Now if thou wilt go, and bring her to me, by the virtue of that Letter, I shall exceed in a gratuity: but make-haste back, for you must presently also assist us in the delivery of our Verses. The Rogue *Bunge* suspected nothing, but did *impudently* steal a *modest* laughter: turn'd aside, not as if he were ashamed of what he heard, but of what he was about to speak: Quoth he / as though lost in complement) O Lord Sir! you shall not need to take care for that necessarie implement: I'll provide one against Night; but not out of *Turnball-Street*: that place cannot afford a Creature worthy your Worships embraces. The *Ward* was glad that he insisted in strengthning a mistake, thank'd him for his kindnesse, and said he would use none but her: he knew she was wholsome, but many of your brave, glorious *Whores* are like *Treda-les Quinces*; the fairer on the outside, the rotner within. *Bunge* being greedy of sudden imployment, took his leave, well satisfied with that reply.

He vvas no sooner come vwithin the reach of their Tongues, vwho border in that hot Continent: but every one(as their fashion is) lured him into their Kennell, there to coole him

him according to a Philosophical rule, *Præc
expells Hn.* The Sunne attracts not
Cloudes faster then these Whores Passengers:
in whom Beauty drawes corruption to defile
it selfe. Bunge needed not enquire for the
signe of the Sunne and Moone, because the
properties of both (heat and inconstancy) did
possesse a Wench, which stood in the same
Doore: and thinking that he was some star-
red Customer, enticed him to enter: whilist
his Eies looking on the signe; found it expedi-
ent her request should be accomplished.

After two Oathes sworne in defiance of
her secret parts, and three Busses given in sa-
tisfaction for such honest unkindnesse; he en-
quires for that Gentlewoman, to whom his
Letter was directed. The Whore being
wholly unperfect in the knowledg of her
Name, did expresse (by a forgetfull admira-
tion, or an *inquisitive* forgetfullnesse) small
acquaintance; and that very young to: where-
fore Bunge thought the Gentlewoman to be a
wanton Country Wench, but not yet of re-
sidence long enough to know the French
disease: a rare ignorance! which made his Ap-
petite resolve to taste her, before him, that
sent him to her. Up Staires he mounted, and
the Wench led him through a Labyrinth of
(dark) Glossetts: which the Workman seem'd
easly to hide from his owne discovery: or
from

from every Eye, as ashamed to acknowledge the making of such sinfull Cabinets; where aged. Beds oppose each other in evious Iteration. Having (I say) passed this small Purgatory, she directed him to a Chamber; wherein he enteted, and found the Drummer, and his Lasse warming the Fire. Believe it Reader, even so: for though the Fire would not warme them, they sat by it to keepe away the Winde, or to enclose the heate to a narrow dispersion, that so it might reflect upon it selfe. Though tis a question whether there were any Fire at all? for Bunge wvere he could not discerne enough to warme his Eyes. Which makes me think she was inflamed with warming Love, that for his sake could be content of such cold entertainment.

Bunge liked her face well, but supposed the Drummer to be some learned Pander; that sat expounding to her, the mystery of that calling. When he step'd in, they both stood up (an usuall complement at the first sight of Strangers) and gazeing upon one another with speaking Eyes; did (as it were) dumbly aslee, whether he vvere knowne to either? vwhilst he took her aside and kiss'd her. The Drummer did not like that, yet durst not expresse anger, lest a Quarrell might call up the Bande, and Whores; so consequently, his Wife discover the conditions of the House, who

who was yet ignorant of them. But this his sufferance did turne Bunge's likely conjecture (that she was a Country Whore) into a strong beliefe : for now he conveys her with an intreated force, and the mentioning of a Letter, into the next Chamber : Peele creeps after them in search of the event, and fastening his Eie in a Key-hole, perceaved Bunge labouring to make him Cuckold : whilst the Gentlewoman oppos'd his desires, more with a new wonder, then an old defence, as shreckes, or loud acclamations,

The Souldier lost his Patience, but with a considering Eie found it againe : yet so thredbare that he scorn'd to weare it. Therefore through the Dores he went : demanding him, how he durst offer his Person that disgrace ? Bunge knew no safer answer then a deniali: & suppos'd by these proceedings that Peele was some blunt Gentleman, who had lately undertaken to be her Lover. Therefore he deprives his Pocket of the Letter, and gave it her : telling him, how he knew the Gentlewoman would acknowledge him better wellcome, when she had read that.

Thus whilst he stay'd him selfe aside, in consideration how he might enjoy her Body, they unsealed the Letter : found that blanke, but the Paper therein enclosed, fill'd with Verses. Peele being loath to degenerat from his

his Brethren of the **Sword** (who in this kind
love to expresse more *will*, then they can *abi-*
lities) undertooke to read them: but indeed
could not in any reasonable time. And
spying his own name by chance, was greedy
to understand the cause of its being there,
resolving to tickle **Bunge**, below, because af-
ter her help was joyn'd to his, he descried
the wrong, and entreated her to stay there:
least **Bunge** (urging the base custom of the
House for his excuse) might disgrace him for
bringing her to such a Lodging. But the poore
Soul, was willing to be commanded, whilst
Bunge at his entreaty, and promise to answer
the Letter, walks with him downe the
Staires. Having descended one Paire, **Bunge**
entreated him to dispatch the Letter in the
next Chamber: in the meane time he would
goe up, and discourse with her about it: for
he remembred now he was so commanded
by the Gentleman that sent him. **Peeles** fin-
gers itch'd to be at his face: but the Roome
being towards the Street, agreed not with
that purpose. Therefore he entreated him to
visit the Celler: where (quoth he) having
drunke a Health to the Gentleman, you shall
goe up and commit your pleasure. The
phrase lik'd him well; so down they went.
Just upon their entring into the Seller Dore,

Bung desired to be acquainted with his name, that he might tell the *Ward* to whom he was so much beholding. He answered, his name was *Peek*, by profession a poor Drummer: as *Wth* Bung step'd back, whilst this Breech made as many *Bytchions*, as he thought to have broke with drinking. His rescue (which most commonly consisted in the dexterity of his Heels), was bays'd from him by Five strong Dares. Therefore he pulls up his Spirrits, even unto his *Tronique*, thinking to fright the Drummer with his words.

Just in such a Celler as this, (quoth he) this ~~was~~ let me see a little ~~here~~ I, in such a one as this, did my weak Arm bear Nine *Rogues*; that would needs enforce me to pladg my Enemies. Hearing The Drummer thought that a *fearefull* Lys, and presently talured him with a *Bow* upon the Ear, seconded that with another, which fell'd him to the Ground, and there kild him. Bung scorne'd to resist, but cryed *Murder!* *thunder!* *help!* *ho!* *help!* This *Bawd* came thundering down with a brace of *Wolhous* to know what the master was. And having acquainted them with the cause that know'd this revenge, they all cryed *ho!* *Gold the Rogue!* *geld the Canniball!* Bung applies himself on the moore to be rescu'd by an old friend (*his Tongue*) and beggs mercy from

from them, swearing he knew not those Verses were inclosed in the Paper, which pacified the Whores: who brought him up to the Street dore, and thrusting him out, did shut it after him. Homewards he creeps with his Face muffled in his Cloak. Bearing he did never greatly love: therefore wholly dedicates his Studies, how to revenge himself on the young *Ward*, and *Peel the Drummer*, which afterwards he did: but Preserve the manner how to be related in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XI.

NIM takes occasion to present thy acceptance with a Character of a Whore: and hath graced his expression, by the relation of Bung's most witty revenge.

In our way of relating Bung's revenge, I hold it requisite to passe through Turnbal-Street: and there *admire* (Custom) which is to be *ignorant* in *Folly*: Not like a handsome *Novice*: who walks by with his Eies fastned on his *Back*; prying *carelesly* who looks upon him? who beckens him in? if no body supplies that expectation, then he begins to hate his own Face, to discommend what before he *gras'd*, as purposing to *sell*, like the poor *Stallion*, his masculine beauty. No Reader; I intend to pick out from the whole rable a *whore*: and prefer her in a *Character* to thy immaginary view. If thou affect my description, thou wilt loath her: such a strange *Antipathie* bears it with its own sense, having (indeed) chosen a Subject that infects wit. Suppose where she stands in a *Red-Wastcot*, that is

is more out of fashion then her Face, which was made fifty years before it. No doubt she hath worn a *Gown* too: but that was when the sale of her Beauty could return the cost of it into the Bawds Purse. Talk with her, and she will bring thee into an *ignorant Jealousie*, or a *Jealous Suspence*; who was thy Father? For she slanders all Women, to make her self appear lesse common in *comparison*: and usually in such ambiguous phrase, which *effeminish* policy affords: as thus. *It may be she is, it may be she is not: but alas, alas, I know what I know, i^t faith, yet will accuse no body.*

She is afraid to go to Church, least the Sermon might convert her: and hates the Story of a *decayed Whore*, because she affects not melancholly. Her Breath is strong enough to overcome thy sense of smelling, and hath already scorch'd up her Nose: which to obscure, she wears before it a green Curtain. Being naked, she seems an *intire Scabie*; a great proportionable Boyle: and her Clothes being on her, look like *Plaisters*, yet this is she who heretofore did mince a *stolne* pace as if she scorn'd Motion: whom *Pride* did become as a full Oath doth a desperate Gallant: that *scibew'd* with a *degenerate* posture of the Chinne: tripp'd on her agill'nes like a *Kibbe-heel'd Fairie*: that shreek'd at the drawing of

a Knife: swoond at the sight of fat Meat: that affected singularity in gracefull Oathes, clipp'd the Kings English: and seemed ignorant how rightly to call that, which wantonly she ~~nicknam'd~~. O giddy-Headed Time! that dost so delight in alteration: that hast changed the *shape* of a glorious, handsome *Curtizan*, into the *substance* of a Fulsome, nasty, stinking *Whore*.

But now let our relation pursue Bunge: who within an Hour after he was beaten, return'd unto the *Ward's Lodging*: finding him at his arrivall tickled with a mad Laughter: whilst he carried himself as altogether unsensible of any beating, and demands what motiv'd that mirth. The *Ward* mistaking the dissimulation, changed his Humour into a sadder: asking whether he had delivered the Letter to his Mistresse? no (quoth Bunge) she was gone forth to Supper, in the company of a certain Sweet-Heart: but I left it with the Bande: who told me she was to meet them at Eight of the Clock in Old Exchange, and then she would deliver it. The *Ward* suppos'd all this was true: but griev'd that the Verses were so insuccessively left in *Reel's Lodging*: yet in expectation of some accidentall merriment, he commanded him to meet him likewise in the Exchange

change at the appointed Hour. Bung (promising to accomplish his desires) tooke his leave, and went to a Tavern, whose back-Door enters into Turnball-Street: where he wrote a Note to Peale, and sent it by a Drawer; accompanied with a Gallon of Sack. The Contents of which, desired his Friendship, and that by the Vertue of the Wine, he might be licensed presently to speak with him, where they would advise in composing of a Plot, how to be revenged upon the *Ward*.

Peale having received the Letter, and the ~~and~~ said present, return'd him word, he was sorrie for what was past; and greatly desir'd that he would presently come thither, to receive part of the Wine, and part of satisfaction. Bung was glad his Plot did thrive so well, went thither; and having made Peale promise that he would be in the Exchange about Eight of the Clock (to beat the *Ward*) he runnes to the Poultry-Couner: where he did fee a brace of Serjeants to attend *Peale* in Cheapside, that as he came back from the Exchange, they might arrest him upon an Action of Battery.

The Hour of meeting was now at hand, and Bung arrived there first. But presently after him, marched in the *Ward*, accompani-

accompanied onely with the Gentleman, (of whom we have spoken heretofore) who came thither purposely to see the new married couple. Our *revengefull-Polititian* perceiv'd now a grosse oversight, in the first contrivement of this geere. For who can suppose the *Ward* would come thither alone ? or that having another Gentleman with him, he was not able to restore more Blowes, then *Peel* could give. Therefore their Backs being turn'd, *Bung* steales out of the next Gate, and runnes almost as farre as *Paules* in search of a *Porter*. At last hee hired one to flie to the *Exchange*, and to treat the Gentleman (relating to him his name, and fashion of Apparell) to come present-ly to the *Queene's-Armes* by *Holborn-Bridge*: for there (quoth he) you must say his Brother is arriv'd very sick. The *Porter* deli-
vered his errand effectually : and the Gentle-
man (without inquiring who sent that mes-
sage) did take a hasty Farewell of the *Ward*. *Bung* returnes thither again, and finding him walking alone, went to him. By and by in comes *Peel*, and suddenly spyed that Face, which his Fist did intend to batter: not doubting but *Bung* (according as he had promised) would assist him in the assault.

The first Blow than he bestowed upon the

Ward

Ward, did so stagger him, that for the present he was unable to resist. But *Bung* (taking a Key out of his Pocket) rewarded *Peeles* Pate with a prodigall recompence : and in the mean time the *Ward* recovered strength enough, to be his own Avenger. *Peele* felt himself betray'd to the mercy of two mercilesse Men : but stood yet stiffe to his tackling, being most pittifullly maul'd with *Bung*'s Key : who did not forget (neither) to lend some Seaven or Eight blowes with it, unto the *Wards* face : the which he delivered so cunningly, that the *Ward* thought they came from *Peel* ; and cry'd out *murder* ! swearing how *Peele* fought with a *Smith's Hammer*. He replies again (with a lowd voice) that it is nothing but a trick to excuse his own treacherie : for I my self (quoth he) have received Thirteen blowes, able to kill an Oxe. The people now came thronging on to part the Combatants. *Peel* being loath to be brought in publique examination, stole secretly away. The *Wards* Beaver Hat (bordered with Pearle, and adorn'd with a rich Hatband) lay upon the Ground : which *Bunge* (feeling with his Foot, and favour'd by the dark time of Night) convey'd into his Codpisse. The owner inquires diligently for it, and *Bung* seems

seemes more diligent in the recovery : having borrowed a Light of one that stood by him purposely to seek it, or rather to darke the appearance of his own hypocritical Theft, at last proclaims it to be lost. Thus whilst controversies are here decided by a busie multitude, the poor *Drummer* (walking homewards) was arrested, and carried to the Counter. A while after the *ward*, and *Bang* were licensed to go home to their Lodgings : for the Constable (whom this burly-burly drew thither) was contented (since the Offensive party could not be found) to commit a wonder by standing to reason. And our *ward* in complementall gratulation, went home bare-headed.

The next Morning *Bang*'s appearance was summon'd to answer that arrest which was serv'd on *Peete*. He prepares himself to prove it warrantable, but thirsting for a more full revenge, he entreats an old Friend (who was a meer stranger in *London*) to enter an Action of Debt against him (in some unknown name) for Twelve Hundred pounds, which the Knave perform'd, and within an Hour after, departed from the City. *Peete* was clear'd of the first Action by asking *Bang* forgiveness : who bought that honour with Four Shillings bestow'd upon a Justice's Clerk.

Clerk. The ~~ſt~~ and kept him in the Counter
 Five daies: untill at last (having no Adver-
 ſarie to declare againſt him in the Court)
 he got his liberty: though he had payed
 ſoundly for being a Prisoner. What became
 of him and his Wife afterwards, I know
 nor. But the ~~Wards~~ Face did almoſt with a
 Surgeon; for Bung's Key had batter'd it into
 ſuch an ugly form, that it ſeem'd over after a
 Bugg-bear to his own affection.

CHAP.

NIM complaines of Bungs villanous service, intends to be rid of him; declares what himselfe hath spent since he came to London. And discourses most merrily upon a Booke of his, called; *An invective against the Plebeians, and Cittyzens of London.*

Though my Man Bunge was possest with a sudden Wit, and enrich'd with all those qualities that compose a perfect Sharke: yet *Custome* did operat so potently in him, that he could not choose but cosen himself: which doth impertinently marr those parts, that were bad enough before. He perswaded himself how I loved to be cheated of my Money. *O credulous Confidence!* can *beleif* fasten on that which *Supposition* cannot reach? t'is strange: unlesse he strove to make himself famous by being singular in a *new* Opinion. One morning he presented me with a counterfeit Hat-band: verily beleeving that I would pay him forty Shillings for it. I disliked the price before I knew the qualitie of the Stiffe; carried it to a Goldsmiths, who being

being asked whether it was worth so much, laugh'd, and told me it was Copper. Then I return'd home againe, and demanded him, wherefore he went about to cheat me? but he enquir'd, of what? I answered, of Forty Shillings. Forty Shillings (say'd he), that's Money. Money! (replied I) what of that? *Mary* (quoth he) for money I'll cheate my owne Father if I can. A gracious Sonne! but surely his Father begot him by *sealib*, whilst the Servants coming scar'd him in the Action, for he was both a *Thiefe*, and a *Coward*. When I first entertained him, (perceaving me a Stranger in the knowledge of our City fashions) he told me, that to let him goe in Cloaks linde with Velvet, would be much for my credit. I thankt him heartily for his care, but in the performance appeared an Heretique. Such like tricks as these made me resolve to part with him the next Quarter Day. And t'was a tardy remedy; for to tell thee the plaine truth, I had by this time (being just Ten Months since I came to *London*) consumed Six-score Pounds of my Estate; so there remained but Sixty Pounds behind: which consisted in the residue of those Jewels, that were yet unsolde. And all this proceeded through the prodigall directions of that damnable Rogue. Perhaps thou wilt admire

(considering

(considering my Purse was so shallow) how I could take so much out of it, yet never feel the Bottom, never call to mind that I dip'd not my Hand into a Fountaine. Tis true indeed, it could not ever fllw, but my Hopes guided me to a flood : such a one as Jupiter made, when he shrowred down Gold to *Danae*. It encompass'd a certaine Castle, which I had built in the Aire: whose foundation was layd upon a little Book (then newly finished) thinking it would have made me rich, Both in Credit, and Money. But when conjectures came to the triall, the Stationer durst not buy it, alledging that I was not publicuely knowne to the World, and how't is the Authors name which makes a Book stell, nor the vverth of it. Then I answered; if it were printed, I should soone be famous, and I vvas also contented to honor him vwith my *Maydenhead*. But (quoth he) I am not contented to be so honored. I doe not love to hoyf any Man high, with my own Purse-Strings, or stoop to lift another up.

This Book vvas intituled *An invective against the Citizens, and Plebeians of London*. It treated of Plebeians first by reason of the humble course of my proceedings; because I ever observed to ascend by degrees. Besides, *Judgement* being once strengthened for ambition

our Study, with the knowledge of materiall matter, easily climes to apprehend, what otherwvays had binne above its reach. I could not choose but think this Booke wwould prosper, because the Subject favour'd of Divine : being made to supprese uncivill commotions in the one, and in the other covtions abuses.

The Blebians did then much trouble the State, with insolent behaviour. For Embassadours (passing through the Streets) were rude-ly interrupted, pointed, and laugh'd at in ignominious contempt, besieg'd in their Houses, and founde no *Sanctuaria* in their Offices: but were almost fain) to bugg a life of them, who (irrationably) undervalewed it in themselves. These outrages were most commonly committed by the basestonechani-call sort wha stilde themselves apprentices to attract more company. When they were once faliad forth; they needed no encour-agement to Action, for a rash selfe wil did make them blind to all impediments. Unless thou wil suppose a couple scaling up a Wall, whilist another, that stands close be-neath them (perceaving they have got the generall applause, and himselfe to be idle, because no Brisk-layer) serves them with this flattering encouragement, *Well done fric, well done*

done Dick : by 'th Mass, you are no Cowards :
you care not two Strawes for King, nor Kings
Mate.

Now some discontented Foreigners gave out, these Mutinies did continually revive, by the wilfull permission of our City-Senators: whose actions relish much of *Popular* inclination. For Authoritie, or Wealth (being but *fortuitously* archieved) cannot alter the constitution of the Blood. Yet howsoever my censure is more charitable: nor can any man suppose them faulty, but in a *fearfull* connivencie at the execution of strict Statutes. Considering (likewise) they must necessarily have compellid them, to be under the disposure of the Law, before effectuall sentence could passe upon them. And is there any thing more dangerous then to encounter with *armed-Rebellion*? especially where the *Adversarie* is animated with the hope of inestimable Pillage? no surely. But me thinkes I heare it alledg'd, how divers were caught, yet went unpunished: to which I am lost in a reply. For though *exemplarie-punishment* hath somewhat in it that is unjust, and in particular to the prejudice of some: yet 't is recompenced by the generall good of the whole. To deliver a *Character* of this *monster* multitude, were but obscurely to represent unto thy view;

view, what themselves (unwilling to hide their own defect) doe manifestly discover. Notwithstanding, something we will say of them.

They are *parjous* in their owne vocations : and proud of that ikill which is gottene merely by use, laughing at other Men with a kind of *pityfull-disrespect* ; because they are not cunning in a Facultie, which is (indeed) below the desire of knowledge. They account the Nobilitie, and Gentry, but as *superficiall Creatures* Men that cannot by managing a *Spade* or *Mattock* replenish a *Double-Jugg*. No non maintaine life by flight of hand. They hold *Schollers* to be (as it were) *Bl'xford Men* : *unnecessary-Gutts* , that study only to grow hungry : and when they are hungry, will devoure a *plaguy deale of Meate*, or so. They runne headlong to a boisterous Action, as though affray'd lest *Consideration* might overtake them before they have begunne it. But having once begunne, they scorne to desist , untill the old saying be verified. *Every beginning must have an ending*. They are the *Children of Report*, compos'd of *newes* : and fed with the noyce of *alteration*. *Ten yeares Peace* doth make *Coyne* invisible amongst them, so that they forget the

fashion of a Shilling. Ten yeares *Warrs* makes them call Gold, Durt, and give it the defiance. But now their Swords have binne long rusty, for want of *Spanissh-Throates* to lbowre them. They seeme most learned in *Visognimie*, and make of their *Confidence* & *Perspective*, through which they can beholde a great Mans Heart, situated in his Face: nay though he be a *Coward*, and have none at all. When they are sick, they esteeme the World to be a *Buble*, a *transitorie* thing, and all men *mortal*. They dye of the same Religion that the King professes:

the long project. Blackwell, however, is a very promising
and valuable (though, of course, not yet ready for
use) addition to the library of the Commonwealth
of Virginia, and it is to be hoped that it will be
soon followed by similar publications from other
and no less important universities. The
English edition of the *Latin American*
annals was published by the
University of California, and
the *Latin American* is
now in its second year. The
University of California has
also issued a number of
other publications, including
a number of valuable
monographs on the
various countries of the
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CHAP.
entitled *Latin American* and
published by the University of California.

CHAP. XIII

NIM rips open the Hearts of City-
zens, condemns them justly. Builds
another Castle in the Ayre;
and relates the pretie
fashion of it.

London was at that time possest with
more severall Humors, than Action
could invent ways to expresse them in.
High affaires seemed to succeed diversly in
effect: as though manadg'd by sundry in-
clinations. And opulent *Cityzens* drew
much *complementall* observance from the
Nobilitie. I held always an *envious* An-
tipathy with the Sonnes of *Fortune*: there-
fore in that Booke accused them of divers
enormities: which if I should here re-ite-
rate I might be thought *satyricall*. Al-
though my entent (by this Booke) is to de-
stroy that Humor in others. Wherefore
thou shalt only participate of this my
Description. They are exceeding *covetous*;
and the Sinne is in them so *naturall*, so
doatingly affected, that they neglect all
modest

modest forme to hide it from a publique observation : excusing it to their Consciencies with a *fearfull* probabilitie of Warr. They never feele *ease*, but in *Labour* and *trouble*. Those that are rich strive to *Gentilize* their Female Of-spring ; but evermore pay for that ambition. As *Wealth* exalts them into *Office*, so they discharge it with their *Purses*, not with their *Braines*. *Authoritie*(though in a low degree) heaves their *Heartes* into their *Mouthes* : for they will vent their *Thoughts*, as if their *Lips* were opened by a *Priviledge* : perusing the actions of the King with a *sawcy-comment*, and discover a great desire to mould his *Affection* in their owne *disposure* : though (indeed) they weigh *worth*, like *Gold*, in a *payer of Scales* : where the *lightest* peece *ascends*, but the *heaviest* (which is the *best*) *remaines* below. The *politique* reason why they *love Peace*, is, because they *hate to buy a Warr*. They *despise Warr* because t'is good *sleeping in a whole Skinne*. Besides they are not *valiant*, even to the *Fourth* degree of *Comparison*, (that is *desperate*) ; for they weare their *Hearts* in their *Purses*, like *Cowards*, who going to fight, carrie their *Ransoms* in their *Pockets*. They always

alwayes professe themselves poore, because t'is a *chargeable-glory* to be rich in the Kings Bookes. Their Religion is weake in effect, and strong in forme : depending much on *Custome*, more on *Superstition*, and most of all on *Zeale*. But t'is a *politique Zeale* : such as preserves Government more then Religion. Or rather an *exemplarie Zeale* ; that doth beget, and warme *Faith* in others, but heates not their owne Soules. Now though our opinion is more *logically* maintain'd ; in that we do not argue from *particulars*, but make a *generall* accusation : yet know (Reader) there haue binne many *Citizens*, whose Virtue lends some lustre to their posteritie. Notwithstanding I averr the Virtue of a good *Citizen*, differeth very much from the Virtue of a good *Man*. For the one useth all virtues agreeable with a pure godly life : the other observes only the Lawes, which were made to preserve civill commo-
ditie.

But t'is time now that I returne unto my selfe. One Morning (lying in the Bed) I fell deeply to consider, how I migh accrue profit by the disbursment of my Ffty Poundes. At last (according to my old *Custome*) I built another Castle in

the Aire: laying the Foundation on my Face, and proper Person. But the substance of it, was to furnish my self with rich Apparell: and afterwards assault the disposition of some *Wealthy* Lady. For my Man Bung had often told me, that divers Gentlemen (whom he knew) were bravely maintained by their *Mistresses*. O such fruitfull Land did I desire to till ! which makes *Labour* a delightfull sport, and requites *ease* with Gold. As for Divinity, I would not think on it, lest it should make me melancholy. Besides (like a damn'd *Rogue*) I held *Whoredome* to be the holiest Sinne that is: because *Repentance* ceaseth on the Heart, presently after it is committed.

Now, art thou strangely desirous to know the manner of my proceedings? to understand in what kind I did shape this purpoised adventure? I'le tell thee: but first prepare to admire my Capacity, for thy knowledge never owned such a parious Plot before. Which was, that I should go to see a Play in *Black-Fryars*: and there (by all necessary consequences, or rather inspired assurance) some rich Lady would cast her Eie on me, and the same night me on her. Be not thou astonish'd Reader

Reader, neither suppose it impossible that Nature can be so opulent, or he that is mortall, posseſſe ſuch a ſtrong Brain. For (alasſ Man !) heretofore I was as full of these learned-Stratagems, as an Egge is full of meat.

Fifty Pounds accoutr'd me from Top to Toe: having been very thrifty in laying out my Money, and carefull to refuſe *Bunges* advice, for he brought me a *Taylor*, whom Cūtſome had made to ſteale from himſelf. A Slave that the Devil durſt not truſt with his old Clothes; no, though he might gaine his Soul in lue of the Theft.

Thus like a true *English-man* (who wears his Mother too much in his Apparell) I enter'd the *Theater*, and ſat upon the Stage: making low Congies to divers Gentlemen; not that I knew them, but I was confident, they would requite me in the ſame kinde: which made the Specta-tors ſuppoſe us of very olde, and familiar acquaintance. Besides (that I might appear no *Novice*) I obſerv'd all fashio-nable Cūtſomes; As delivering my Suite to a more apparent view, by hanging the Cloak upon one Shoulder: or let-ing it fall (as it were) by chance. I stood

up also at the end of every *Act*, to salute those, whom I never saw before. Two *Acts* were finished before I could discover any thing, either for my Comfort then, or worth my relation now. Unless it were *punycall* absurdity in a Country-Gentleman; who was so caught with the naturall action of a Youth (that represented a ravish'd Lady) as he swore a-loud, he would not sleep untill he had killed her ravisher: and how twas not fit such Rogues should live in a Commonwealth. This made me laugh, but not merry.

Anon after, I spied a Gentlewoman's Eye, fix'd full upon me. Hope and Despaire threw me into such Distractions, that I was about to bid a Boy (who personated *Cupid* in the Play) to shoot at her with his counterfeit Arrow. But she presently disclaimed me her Object: and with the like inconstancy gaz'd upon another. About the beginning of the Fourth *Act*, my Face withstood a fresh encounter, given me by a Ladies Eye, whose Seate opposed mine. She look'd stedfast on me, till the Play ended; seeming to survey my Limbs with amorous curiositie; whilst I advanced them all, to encounter

ter her approbation. A great desire I had to see her Face: which she discovered, by unmasking it to take her leave of a Gentleman. But if ever I beheld one so ill-favour'd? do thou abhorre my Book. She look'd like *December*, in the midst of *April*, old and crabbed in her Youth. Her Nose stood towards the *South-East* point: and *Snout* had fretted a preposterous *Channell* in the most remote corner of her Lip. Sure she was chaste, *chaste* because *deformed*: and her *deformitie* (repugnant to the common course of *Nature*) might beget that *Chastitie*: but in whom? in others, not in her self; unlesse *Necessitie* did force it. For no doubt she would be as leacherous as the *Mountaine-Goate*, had not Natures qualmishnesse proved a strong contradiction to her desire: who heaved the *Gorge*, at her *imperfect* perfecting: therefore had no Stomach to make a Man fitting her embracements. Yet she wore *Jewells*, for the which I could willingly have kiss'd her in the *dark*. And perhaps too (by *gilded* provocation) supplied the Office of a Husband.

Her ugliness made me suppose that nothing could be too base for her acceptance: therefore I (following her down

down the Staires) resolv'd to discover a good-will to her, either by a wanton gesture of my Body, or whispering in her Ear just as she came forth into the Street, (her Usher being step'd aside to complement with parting Company) I proffer'd my service to attend her home, if she miss'd any of her Friends. She suspecting that I thought her to be a Whore, told me aloud I was much mistaken. Her Brother (unknown to me) stood behind us, and asked her; what the matter was? *Marry,* (quoth she) this Gentleman takes me for some common Creature. He with all violent dexterity strucke me on the Face; and afterwards went about to draw his Sword. But I slunk through the preſſe of people, and very tamely conveied my ſelfe home. My Man *Bunge* (who attended there all the Play-time, to ſave charges) ſaw this: and heard the *Young-Gallant* ſwear (after I was gone) if ever he met me, he would make my Heart the *Scabbard* of his Sword. These woful tydings hee brought to my Chamber, ſo that my costly *Experiment* was now concluded, and my glorious Garments altogether uſelesſe. For I durſt not viſit *Theaters* any more, leſt I ſhould meet

meete with him , or Women elsewhere , as fearfull of the like entertainment.

CHAP. XIII.

NIM mentions his proceedings against some of the Nobilitie, and what successse he had: afterwards (in a Pamphlet) discovers all the defects of his owne penning : sends Bunge to sell it, whose bad adventures mooves him to rayle on Fate.

Tush ! hang up Sadnesse ! as a thing (indeed) only fit for the Gallowes , whereto each condemn'd Thiefe, brings as little as he can, least it might deprive him of a minutes life , so cheate the *Hangman* of his Fee. There remained a way as yet untroden on ; a *high-way* too: thou apprehendst me Reader : My *Pen* never had to doe with the *Nobilitie* , whereof one was most eminent in high favor, so consequently in vulgar Hate. For vulgar hatred proceeds

ceeds from Envy. Him, and all his Kindred did I make progresse through *Fidlers Noses* : but in Songs of such fortunate composure, as in halfe a *Terme* made a whole *Confort usurers*. Bunge by dispersing Nine, gathered together Five and Thirty Shillings. Five he retained for swearing to his dull Chapmen, they were well pend; the rest I receav'd with great joy, being the first time I sold my Wit for Money.

These *Songs* were seaond with bitter accusation, and not in such *hypocriticall* phrase, as doth disguise Sense from common Capacities, but stufft with *immodest* bluntnesse. Enquire not what ground I had for this action, since there was so little that I beg thou wouldest not stand upon't : and apprehend Reader (by way of secrecy) that *Satyrists* (like Doggs) barke most at Men they know not : the reason lurks in Nature. *Report* is their chiefe *Intelligencer* : therefore their accusation never singles out Vice in any particular Man, but observing the complexion and qualitie of the persons make their generall aime at what is most probable to be hitten. This project was as short liv'd as my other : for arriving at his Eare (whom

(whom they too much concern'd) the Fed-
lers were sent to Prison, where they sung
like Birds in Cages, to the tune of a mo-
fall dump. I and Bunge (who was pursu'd
by a Warrant) play'd least in sight.

Invention was never barren, when it
coupled with *Necessitie*. In two Weekes
space I finished a little Pamphlet, that
treated of English Oratory; collecting all
the defects, in my owne Works, which
after I had derided, were expos'd to pub-
lique laughter. Amongst the rest I ac-
knowledg'd an *affection* in phrase; where
Nature (confident of her owne abilities)
too much despised Art. The Second was
that in my inserted Tales (which over-
swifly pursued one another) I sometimes
lost the materiall relation, by finding
Jeasts. Thirdly I accus'd my *Parenthetis*
of multiplicite and length; which troubled
the Reader to joyne the divided sense, and
recover his own breath.

Late after Supper I commanded Bunge
to carry it unto a *Stationer*, and name some
other Author, whose authoritie might ad-
vantage the sale. He marches to the Shop,
and bathers it on a great *Divine*, who in
his Youth, begot many of like complexion:
and as bad luck would have it (being new-
ly

Iy come from the Country) enterd there to buy Bookes. The *Stationer* wellcom'd him, saying; I hope you will be more reasonable then your Man, in the price of this **Pamphlet**, considering the poore bargaine I had of the last. What Man? what **Pamphlet**, quoth the Doctor? *Bunge* (whose apprehension was as quick as his Feet) left them to admire at his cheating enterprise: ran up Saint Martins-Lane, and from thence to little *Brittaine*: where he proffer'd it to another, for Three Pounds, but return'd home loaden with an old answer; that their Shops were too full of such triviall stiffe. A truth potent o're belief! For every *Coxcombe* that hath so much *unfortunate* wit, to know his own imperfections, will give Money to have them printed.

But O insupportable misery! can I thrive in no course? what rigled *Fusse*; dry-dugg'd, mangy Witch, produc't me from the Womb vvith horrid imprecations? what sinister *Planet* govern'd at my Nativity? O *Fortune*! thou Whore! thou Bitch! more fickle then *Intconstancy*! whose *Alm'ner* is the Southern Wind, whose Wheele is made of a Womans *Brain-Pan*. Though I had been born a Monster, left a Begger;

Begger; yet shap'd so tigly as might fright
Compassion from comming near me with
her Almes: doom'd to grow old in misery,
to live till *Time* had made me a *Second*
Cripple; who knowes but kind *Necessity*
would have turn'd to *Patience* in me: but
here *Patience* must become a *Miracle*: Since
I am discarded where probability crown'd
my Hopes, and might seduce *unbelief* her
self, to *confidence*.

C H A P. XV.

NIM's Hostesse denies to trust him, he
fasts two Dais, pawnes his Clother,
then resoluing to part with Bunge,
sends for him to a Taverne, and giveth
him learned Counsall; but after Bunges
replie, he doth change his minde and
returnes with him to his Patrons Heir,
promising (on a smooth con-
dition) to blesse this Booke
with a second Part.

Costly experiments, and Bunges atten-
dance had so impoverished my Purse,
that I wanted to supply my Stomack. I
did owe my Hostesse also for a Months
diet; which fayling to pay (according to
my promise) and she perceaving I had
few visits from City Friends, urg'd her to
say one Morning, she would trust me no
longer So that my last refuge consisted in
pawning my Clothes, which my Childish
disposition (never made impudent by
want) durst not attempt. Halse an Hourre
before

before Dinner, and Supper, I sent *Bunge* upon some frivilous errant: in the meane time slunke forth, walk'd out a Meale, and returned picking my Teeth, hoping to invent a shift lesse disgracefull. But two dayes fasting, and his grim looks at home, made me weary of such modesty: so that at Night (when there was no body within but a little Boy) I ran to *Charter House-lane*: where I walk'd to and fro, by a *Broakers* Shope, halfe an Houre, before Cowardly reputation would suffer me to enter. At last in I went: and desired the the *Broaker*, his Man might goe home with me to fetch Two Sutes of Apparel. He granted my request, and the things being packed up before, we soone returnd, but could not borrow above Eighteene poundes, upon that which cost me Fifty: whereof Twelve Shillings they took back for registring.

Thus my Heart being somewhat lightned by the weight of my Purse, I went to a Taverne that was neere my Lodging, and sent a *Drawer* home to attend *Bunge*'s arrivall; that he might fetch him, purposing now to dismisse his service, accompany the next Wind to *Gelderland*, and there serve in *Garrison*. I satisfied my Hunger, with *Cerberus* his Diet.

(Sopps) which being made of rich Sack
halfe fox'd me before he came. So soone as
he had enter'd the Roome he swore him-
selfe out of breath. I demanded thecause,
Why Sir (quoth he) is the Ayre food
for Men? or did you suppose me a *Chu-
meliſt*? I excus'd all by urging his
owne Language, for he told me once: it
was the fashion for *Servisgmen* to dis-
burse Money for their diet, and require it
when their Masters *Exchequer* was able
to repay. So having commanded a *Gallon*
of Wine, and the *Drawers* absence, I bad
him sit, drink, and expect alteration. By
that time I had shar'd halfe the Wine, a
strange humor posset my Brain, and be-
got rare *imaginacions*! such as fool'd *Dan-
Quixot*, uttering in a lamentable veine
this high and mighty sense.

O Bunge! my Brest hath entertain'd new
Tennants since first I own'd thy service,
Thoughts of too tall a stature, such as
scorn'd those humble Roofs, which the
plaine Country held as *gawdy* fashion,
therefore went from me to change their
Mansions: but returne maimed, able in
nothing, unlesse to affirme the Proverb;
Pride will have a fall. Know *Olivie*! I am
made an experiment by cruell *Eze*, to trie
within a Haires breadch the fufferance of
man

a Man, cross'd in all designs with strange prevention. Thou art of disposition quick, and subtil, and hast disceir'd the World with a discreet Eie. Thy *Experience* is of a full Age, and must be now thy Master, thou no more my Servant. This health to thy good Fortunes---There's thy Wages; due since the last Quarter: which with some advice (sent from my love) is all I can bestow.

When thou thinkst upon thy poore fortunes, compare them with a meaner Mans: for so thou mayst lessen in thy selfe the greatnessse of an other, and by that aggravate thine own. The *Plebeian* whose naturall Spirit is humbled with a coarse Prentiship, strives for a *mastery* thought it be only of his Trade. Doe not enrich thy selfe with a *barry-industry*, nor occasion thy Masters folly by thy apt presentment of it. Sooth him not in's drinke; nor by admiring his unconquer'd lookes, tell him t'is a *handsome* Vice. Strive to make him more acquainted with thy privacy, then thy selfe with his secrets. Be not impudent in jeasting, for that cheats thy *Wit* of her reward not procuring laughter, but *derision*: though the first be the true applause. Be not proude, for *Time* doth infect the owner of that Sinne with such

Such an ignorance, that he shall scarce know himselfe. The *greedy* Servant beggers his Purse, to make his Masters rich: for *Fashion*, and comely *thrift*, bids a plain Cloake usher a golden *Luxury*. Buy not the envy of thy Fellowes, with his favour: nor lose it by presuming on't. Let not the poore Tennant observe thee as his Landlords Heir; whilst thou with a sawcy distance of lame state, strengthnest his credulitie. Be honest in all things, for so thou mayst live, to bestow this counsell on a Servant of thy owne, and end thy dayes in peace. When thou shalt chance to talke of me hereafter, cleanse my *Fame* with hiding those defects, that shew me humane, and my *Fortune* blind. Goe, be happy.

All this while he was a greedy Auditor, but perceiving me about to take my *ulimum vale*, steps up, and replies thus. Sir, we are so tender of our outward credit, that *Necessitie* is never discover'd, untill it discovers it selfe, I meane thorough the Ellbowes: but yours is not so little as to escape my sight, I understood the cause why you employ'd me about impertinent errants: though you exprest small charitie, and lesse *Phylck*, to prescribe walking for an empty Stomack, when no satisfaction

in meate, wellcom'd my retурne. Neither
was my fearfull Experience (feeling even
now the lightnesse of your Trunke) igno-
rant how, and where it had forsooke its
weight. The tract and course of povertie
I have often traced, and know she is most
undone in her relief. A pox upon your
grave counsell! which is fram'd as though
proceeding from a beggerly *Patriarke*. No
advice is worthy of acceptance, but what
accompanies a liberall Hand: t'is Money
that makes a man able to keepe it. You
direct me how to behave my selfe in ser-
vice, when I haye no Master: an enter-
prise weake and Childish; just like your
actions, since you became a *Londoner*:
which if presented to the World in His-
tory, would beget more latighter then
esteem. Come if you will seaze on my ad-
vice, add unto your Money Fifty Pounds:
furnish me for a journey to the Court:
where, by Wit, I will get relation to some
Man of Rane: grow a prompt *intelligen-
cer*; and make you a *Satyrift*. Such a one
as Kings with *flatterie* shall be glad to si-
lence. A plague on all beggarly occupa-
tions! I affect them not.

Now Reader, judge thou whether this
Rogue was not able to seduce a Novice. I
could sooner eat Iron then part with him:
but

but the next Morning, we sat in consultation how to get this Maney. At laſt it was refolv'd I ſhould counterfeiſt my ſelfe to be lately Knighted, and he ride with me to my Patron's Heir: adding on all occaſions Sir, unto my Christian-name. But ſtay awhiſle, and let thy memory returne, unto the laſt part of our Fourth Chapter: where I threatned to make my acquaintance costly unto a Clothier; that overtook me on the high-way. He often visited my Lodging, and now I requited him by borrowing his *Gelding* (worth Fourteene pounds) to take the ayre as far as *Fullham* but indeed detaind him a longer Journey, and bought a Nagg for my Man *Bunge*. I riding like a *Knight-errant*.

But how my Patron's Heir entertain'd me, when I return'd, and all the rest of my occurences, I am refolv'd to publish with great care, and industry. Which if you ever meane to ſee, invoke the powers above, that what's already written may take him, whose acceptance makes my labor, eaſe: whose command (by I wot not what instinct) ties my Soule to a more delightfull ſervice, then either *Gaine*, or popular applause.

FINIS.

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